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THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

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IV.

CONCLUSION.

THE destruction of the power of King Teódoros was absolutely necessary. It was on the understanding that this was the object of the English invasion that we were welcomed and assisted by the Abyssinian chiefs and people along the line of march; and it would have been a gross breach of faith to have failed in performing our part of the bargain.

After the fall of Magdala a great responsibility devolved upon the invaders. The fortress was in the midst of an enemy's country, and it was necessary to provide for the departure and safe-conduct of the immense unarmed multitude, now without a leader, which had congregated from all parts of Abyssinia round the court of the great king. There were arrangements to be made respecting the family of Teódoros, his chiefs, his political prisoners, his disarmed soldiers and families, and as to the disposal of the guns and plunder, as well as of the fortress itself.

Magdala is a plateau about a mile and a half long by half a mile across, with No. 106.—VOL. XVIII.

perpendicular sides of columnar basalt, overlooking the Kálkula gorge on the south side, and the Mémchura on the north. It is about 9,050 feet above the sea, and is approached from the west side by the Koket-bir gate, and on the east by the Kaffir-bir, which leads out on the lower Sangallat plateau, and so, by Thaddat, to the Tanta table-land. The *amba* is almost covered with well-built circular thatched huts of various sizes, many of them surrounded by a hedge or wall. There is a very large open space, a sort of *place d'armes*, near the centre of the plateau. After passing through the second gate at the Koket-bir, there was a street of small huts, used as prisons, which led to the great open space. On the west side of this *place d'armes* was the hedge inclosing the quarters of the English captives, and further to the north-west was the king's house, with its outlying buildings. The approach to the little space in which our countrymen were confined for nearly two years, was by a sort of street, with huts on either side, where they took such exercise as their chains rendered possible; but at the further end was the largest hut of all, almost attaining to the dignity of a house. It

was approached by a pretty verandah, overgrown with tomatoes, shading a lane neatly paved with flag stones. The walls were whitewashed, the roof well thatched, and the interior consisted of a large circular room, with small square windows, and an inner room beyond. A bedstead, table, chairs, and rugs composed the furniture. This was the house of Mr. Rassam. To the left was a smaller hut, not so well built, but on the same plan, with a small garden of celery in front, which was shared by Lieut. Pridaux and Dr. Blanc. Behind it was the hut occupied by Ayto Samuel, the interpreter, and his family; and the huts of Consul Cameron and the other captives, small and comfortless, lined the little street. The captives had many servants, who brought their water and marketings from Salamgi, baked excellent bread in clay ovens, and brewed most delicious *tej*, or mead. But there was no view beyond the dry-hedge inclosing the huts, and it must have been depressingly dull. The King's house, where the Queen Toronech, with her little boy, and latterly the concubine Itamanyu, dwelt, was an oblong building of two stories. The ground-floor was used as a granary, and was full of *tesf* grain (*Poa abyssinica*); and a staircase outside the building led to a large upper room, supported by pillars down the centre, which had been used as a sleeping apartment. By the side of this large building there were two *helfinés*, or circular houses, for the use of female attendants. A row of wooden pillars supported the roof, as well as the outer walls; and between every two pillars there were wooden bedsteads, with a tumbler and decanter in baskets, and a small box for carding wool, hanging on the wall at each bed-head. Another large building was used as a cellar, and was filled with huge jars once containing excellent *tej*, but which were emptied by the troops at a very early period of the occupation. On the wall of the north-west corner of the inclosure a flight of steps led to a little look-out chamber, or *lust-haus*, commanding a glorious view of the Mên-

chura gorge, from a point almost overhanging the perpendicular black cliffs of the *amba*. These buildings comprised the "King's house," or more properly the Queen's house; for Teôdoros was too fond of camp-life ever to endure the confined air of an Abyssinian hut, and always lived in a tent.

On the opposite or eastern side of the *place d'armes* was the treasury, and the Church of St. Michael. The treasury consisted of a number of small huts surrounded by a wall, and was the receptacle of all the property and plunder collected by the King. Here were ecclesiastical crowns, chalices, crosses, censers, silks, velvets, and carpets, besides tons of Ethiopic manuscript books. There were also arms of every description—spears and swords, gold and silver shields, kettledrums, and many thousands of muskets and pistols, some of them old and very curious. The most interesting relic was a golden chalice, brought from Gondar, with an inscription setting forth that it was made for the Emperor Adamas Segued, in the sixteenth century. There was also a well-stored granary. The church, dedicated to St. Michael, was a wretched place, without proper furniture, consisting of a *tabot* and a surrounding cloister. Indeed, Magdala was not looked upon as Christian ground, and the bodies of those of high rank who died there were deposited in small huts in the inclosure surrounding the church, with a view to their being removed to the precincts of a church on Christian land when opportunity offered. Thus the body of the unfortunate Abuna Salama, after his death, was placed in a large box in one of these huts, clothed in his rich canonicals; and to our shame be it said that the box was broken open, and the body desecrated, on the night of the capture of Magdala. Towards the south-east corner of the *amba*, on rather higher ground, there were some tall trees, near which was the house where the Abuna was confined; and at the eastern end there were many huts of soldiers, stationed there to resist attacks on the Kaffir-bir by the Gallas.

The chiefs and their families lived in huts like that of Mr. Rassam, and the other buildings were occupied by prisoners and the families of the soldiers. Altogether Magdala was far and away the largest town we had seen in Abyssinia. Its permanent population was about 3,000 souls.

After the capture the troops dispersed over the *amba* to plunder. The treasury was soon entirely rifled, and the inhabitants were ordered to assemble on the great open space, where they erected temporary huts. The place was garrisoned by the 33d and a wing of the 45th, commanded by Brigadier Wilby, and sentries were placed at the gates to prevent plunder from being taken down to the camp, it having been determined that it should all be reclaimed and sold as prize for the troops.

On the 14th of April, the morning after the capture, General Merewether went up to Magdala, as political officer, accompanied by M. Munzinger and Mr. Rassam, to make all the numerous arrangements which had become necessary.

The body of King Teódoros had been removed to the hut of the Italian Pietro, in the compound of the English captives, and handed over to the priests. Dr. Lumsdaine examined the wound to ascertain whether or not it was self-inflicted, and the body was then wrapped first in a fine cotton cloth, then in a rich gold and silken kinkob, and lastly in a coarse cloth. A grave was dug in the outer cloister of the church, but the tools were inefficient, the ground was hard, and it was very shallow. All the chiefs had permission to attend their old master to his last resting-place, but only a very few came, and the body was carried on an old bedstead from the hut to the church. There was a small guard of the 33d to keep order, but no honours whatever were shown by the English to their brave enemy, and his body was placed in the grave, the stones were filled in, and the surface strewn with straw, without any ceremony. Afterwards the priests muttered some prayers, while the few mourners stood

round them. It was a bleak chilly afternoon, and an hour or two before a hail-storm had swept over the fortress.

The Queen Toronech had been insulted by the soldiers who broke into her room, and had taken refuge with her little boy in the house of Mr. Rassam. She was not more than twenty-six years old, a handsome delicate-looking woman, with beautiful hair, thin lips, and fine features, and not darker than an Italian brunette. General Merewether, in ascertaining her wishes, refrained from intruding upon her, but remained in the verandah, and sent the interpreter Samuel into the room to convey his messages. The Queen said that she wished to go to her own native country of Semyen, but that it was the last wish of his father that her son should be taken charge of by the English. She was then asked whether she would consent to part with her child, and replied that she was prepared to comply with his father's wish. It was arranged that she and her son, with the concubine Itamanyu, should come down to the camp and accompany the march of the English army as long as their roads led in the same direction.

The next business was with the chiefs of the fallen King, who were assembled in the court of one of the larger houses. All the best and bravest had fallen, either in the battle at Arogy, or defending the Koket-bir, on the afternoon of the 13th. Among them was poor Basha Negusye, a firm friend of the English captives and a sincere Christian, who was killed by the 33d at the door of his house, near the Koket-bir. The survivors were about twenty-five in number, and their spokesman was the plausible Dejatch Hasani, the chief of the musketeers. They began by saying that, as their king was dead, they wished now to transfer their allegiance to the Queen of the English; but they were told that all that was required of them was that they should return quietly to their homes and refrain from meddling in politics. They were to be allowed to take mules for themselves and their families, and a certain number of them

were to be supplied with arms, to defend the others on the road. It was rather repulsive to see them bow down and touch the ground with their foreheads, as each announcement was made to them; and it must be acknowledged that it would not be easy to find a more repulsive-looking set of ruffians in any part of the world, than were these surviving officers of the court of King Teódoros.

The numerous political prisoners were released from their fetters, and informed that their captivity was at an end. First among them was Biru Goshu, the chief of Godjam, and formerly the most formidable rival of Teódoros—now bowed down by fourteen years of close imprisonment. He started almost immediately for his own land, and will no doubt assume the lead in that part of Abyssinia. Then there were the Waagshum Tefere, the best horseman and most popular general in the country; Faras Ali, a nephew of Ras Ali, the chief of the Yedju Gallas; Dejatch Araya of Tigré, the maternal uncle of Kasa; Ayto Dargi, a son of Sahela Selassie, the old King of Shoa; Aragowe, the youngest son of Sabagadis, looking cowed and broken-spirited from his long confinement; and Kasa and Guangul, sons of Dejatch Oubie, and brothers of the Queen.

The numerous inhabitants of Magdala, including the soldiers and their families, amounting to upwards of 30,000 souls, formed a large camp near the battle-field, and soon afterwards began their forlorn and perilous march towards their native land, escorted by the English troops across the Beshilo and Jita ravines, as far as Wadela. This escort was absolutely necessary to protect the fugitives from the bands of Galla robbers who infested the roads, and murdered all stragglers. The ill-fated Teódoros had laid a solemn obligation on the English to protect his people. In the last letter but one that he ever wrote he said:—"Believing that all power had been given to me, I had established my Christian people in this heathen spot. In my

"city are multitudes whom I have fed: maidens protected, and maidens unprotected; women whom yesterday made widows, and aged parents who have no children. God has given you the power. See that you forsake not these people. It is a heathen land."

The question then arose as to the disposal of the fortress of Magdala. It was at first intended to hand it over intact to Dejatch Gobazie, who was at that time the most powerful chief in Southern Abyssinia, and his general, the Dejatch Mashasha, who had done such good service in sending in supplies, since the English crossed the Takkäzie, was sent for to receive possession. But, after some consideration, Mashasha resolved to decline the proffered gift on the part of his master. He said that to defend and occupy so large a place would require more troops than he could afford for that service, while any subsequent evacuation of so famous a fortress would cause great loss of prestige; and he added that the line of the Beshilo was the natural and defensible frontier between the Christian country and that of the Gallas, while Magdala was a distant outpost. Mashasha, however, received 200 of Teódoros's muskets, and the chiefs of Daunt and Dalanta were given 100 each. Sir Robert Napier then determined to burn all the houses on Magdala, to blow up the Koket-bir and Kaffir-bir gates, and to burst all the guns. It was found that King Teódoros had collected as many as 37 pieces of ordnance, 28 guns and 9 mortars, as follow:—

BRASS GUNS, 24.

- 3 between 6 and 7 inches' calibre, equal to 40 pounders, but carrying 50 pound shot, composed of zinc and antimony.
- 3 between 4 and 5 inches' calibre, equal to 9 and 12 pounders.
- 9 between 3 and 4 inches' calibre, equal to 9 and 6 pounders.
- 9 between 2 and 3 inches' calibre.

24

4 IRON GUNS, of 2 inches' calibre, 4.

28

BRASS MORTARS, 9.

1 with metal 8 inches thick, and bore 20 inches in diameter.

1 with bore 13 inches in diameter.

2	"	10	"
1	"	6	"
3	"	3½	"
1	"	2½	"

9

All the mortars were of native manufacture, some with a neat inscription in Amharic. The best cast was the 13-inch mortar. Four of the guns were Turkish field-pieces; two were English guns, cast at the Cassipore foundry near Calcutta, and presented to the King of Shoa by Harris in 1842; and two were French of old date. All were good and serviceable, except one of the three largest, which had burst at Fala in the action of the 10th. Rude shells were also found, and a good deal of case, the latter made in cases containing bullets, chips of castings, &c., rammed down with cow-dung. There were also English forges of different kinds. On the 17th the destruction of the guns was completed, and every building in Magdala was burnt to the ground, including the church, which contained the body of King Teóдорos. The Queen and her little son, with a few attendants, came down to the camp; and soon afterwards there appeared a very old man on a mule, so old indeed as to be quite in his dotage, dressed in a silken shirt. This proved to be the Hatze Joannes, the legitimate Emperor of Abyssinia, the lineal representative of one of the oldest families in the world. He had always been treated with the utmost respect by the upstart Teóodoros, and had been brought by him to Magdala. On the death of his protector, the old man had wandered down into the English camp, where he was treated with scant ceremony.

In order to give a clear idea of the state of affairs round Magdala, after the fall of the King, it is necessary to say a few words respecting the Gallas,—that intruding race which, in the last few centuries, has overrun a large part of

Abyssinia, and taken a leading part in its history. They first appeared in the sixteenth century, coming from the south, and old Tellez calls them "the scourge God has made use of against the Abyssinians," and likens their irruption into Ethiopia to "an inundation from a mighty river." They are as fair, or fairer than the Abyssinians, and better looking. At present they form a great wedge dividing Abyssinia proper from the Christian kingdom of Shoa to the south. The Azebo Gallas, a Moslem tribe of savage robbers, form the thin end of the wedge, their territory running far up to the north, round the eastern side of the great watershed; next came the Yedju Gallas, near the sources of the Takkázie and Beshilo, who, owing to the long period that their chiefs ruled in Abyssinia, are for the most part Christians; while the Wallo Gallas spread over the wide tract between the Beshilo and Shoa. The commencement of the decline of the power of Teóodoros may probably be traced to his persistent and obstinate attacks on these untameable tribes. In 1855, when he first became king, the Wallo Gallas were ruled by a woman of dauntless courage, named Wurkit, who was regent for her young son. Teóodoros declared war upon all people who were not Christians, marched to the Beshilo, defeated the Galla chief Adana Bille, and committed great slaughter among his people, who fled to their fastnesses. It was then that the King selected Magdala as the base of future operations, and as his principal fortress on the Galla frontier. The Queen Wurkit had unwisely neglected to assist Adana Bille, and the storm next fell upon her. At first she destroyed the best part of the army of Teóodoros, and in 1861 the King was again baffled by the Galla cavalry, led by a young chief named Beshir. But in 1862 the ruthless tyrant carried a war of extermination into the Wallo Galla country, cut off the hands and feet of 8,000 people, sold women and children into slavery, devastated the fields, and, having got the son of Wurkit into his power,

eventually hurled him over the cliff at Salamgi. So there was no love lost between Teódoros and the Gallas. At present Queen Wurkit, who is now a childless old woman, only rules a small portion of the tribe, which faithfully adheres to her fortunes. Another queen, a younger woman named Mestiat, acts as regent to her young son, the Iman Achmet, and is far more powerful. While the English force was still on the Dalanta plateau, a native Indian, who had accompanied the expedition as Arabic interpreter, was sent on a mission to Mestiat, to request that she would cause her people to invest Magdala, and attack any one who attempted to leave the fortress. The Gallas obeyed these orders with great alacrity, and not only as regarded the Christian Abyssinians of Magdala, for they extended their attentions to the mules and followers of the English force. Queen Wurkit paid a visit to Sir Robert Napier on the 16th, and shortly after her departure the more fortunate Mestiat arrived in the camp with her son. Her people took up handfuls of earth, and said, "This is our land, that we have not seen for twelve years." The Queen was asked whether a sketch that had been taken of Teódoros after death was like; and she answered, "How should I know? who has ever seen him and lived?" On the departure of the English troops Queen Mestiat and her Gallas took possession of the abandoned fortress of Magdala. One more fortress still held out for the fallen King. Amba Geshe is a classic spot. It was here that, for four centuries, all the sons of the Emperors of Abyssinia were immured during the lifetime of their fathers; and Dr. Johnson, following the untrustworthy Ureta, converted the desolate plateau into the delightful valley of Rasselas. We could see it from the camp on Aficho, at a distance of about four miles, and could distinguish a church and some clumps of trees on its summit. Amba Geshe was garrisoned by an officer in the service of Teódoros, named Aba Meerza, a Bengal

Jew, with a few soldiers guarding some political prisoners. Dejatch Mashsha was recommended to take possession of this strong fort, but instead of doing so he attacked Faras Ali, the Yedju Galla chief, who had just been released from Magdala, was betrayed by his own people, and made prisoner. As this misfortune was brought on by his own act, he was left to his fate, Sir Robert Napier merely requesting Faras Ali to treat his prisoner well, and refer the case to Gobazie.

The English force was encamped on Aficho from the 10th to the 18th of April. The water supply was very bad, horses being obliged to be taken a distance of several miles to the Beshilo, and the place was becoming very unhealthy, owing to the number of dead bodies of men and animals which surrounded the camp, and tainted the air. On the 16th all the freed captives from Magdala commenced their first march home, and on the 18th the whole force recrossed the Beshilo, and again encamped on the Dalanta plateau. A review of all the troops was held on the 20th, and afterwards the plunder brought up from Magdala was sold for the benefit of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers. The arrangements for the return to the coast were then matured, and the troops commenced their march in three divisions. The host of disarmed fugitives from Magdala had by this time crossed the Jita ravine, and we found them, on April 21st, encamped on the Wadela plateau, near Yesendie. It was a strange but most distressing sight. Their camp, consisting of hundreds of black tents of various sizes, and placed in no regular order, covered two eminences and an intervening valley; and at night the thousands of lights made it look like a large city. In wandering amongst the tortuous lanes formed by the tents, we came upon many forms of human misery. Men in cruel pain with undressed wounds; helpless old people stripped by robbers on the road, and exhausted by the fatigues of the march; children crying for food, and mothers with no means of

satisfying their hunger. Many were gently nurtured ladies, wives and daughters of chiefs, women who had been made widows and orphans by the slaughter of the 10th. They had never known what it was to want, but now the poor things were eager to sell their personal ornaments, their sacred pictures and books, all their most cherished possessions, for the means of buying bread. In the English camp there was no misery save such as was caused by rather tough beef and the absence of grog, but here were some of the horrors of war. The fugitives accompanied the march of the retiring army as far as the Takkázie valley, and then wearily turned their steps towards their homes in Bege-meder or Dembea or Godjam, doubtless to be harassed and stripped by the villagers along their line of march. Itamanyu, the King's concubine, left the English camp at Santara, with a handsome present for immediate expenses, and reached her home amongst the Yedju Gallas in safety. The poor Queen, suffering from illness, continued to travel with her little boy, as a guest of the English, and had latterly resolved to accompany her son whithersoever he might be taken. But at Haik-hallat, one stage beyond Antalo, she ended her short unhappy life, and was buried in the church at Chelicut. It was arranged that Alum-ayahu, the only legitimate child of Teódoros by this poor lady, should be taken to England. Her brothers Guangul and Kasa, the sons of Dejatch Oubie, left the camp at Lat, and proceeded to their native province of Semyen.

The return march of the English army, along roads which had been repaired and made excellent for ordinary mule traffic, was effected without any incident, beyond occasional attacks on straggling baggage-mules and their drivers by Azebo Gallas and other marauders. The whole line had been kept well open by the force in the rear, and besides the troops at the larger stations of Dildi, Ashangi, Antalo, Adigerat, and Senafé, there were small detachments of cavalry at intermediate stations, where non-commissioned officers

purchased and stored grass and grain in anticipation of the return of the army. From Adigerat to Zoulla, a distance of a hundred miles, there was an excellent first-class fair-weather road, suited for wheel traffic, including three well-traced zigzag ghauts at Khursabur, near Adigerat, at Goona-Goona, and between Senafé and Raraguddy, as well as the built-up causeway over the famous Devil's Staircase at Sooroo; while the engineers on the coast had completed a railroad from Zulla nearly to Komayli. Thus that part of the expedition which had not been so fortunate as to share in the operations before Magdala had been employed on equally important work in the rear, and had done it well. The rear-guard reached Senafé, as had originally been arranged, towards the end of May.

Sir Robert Napier was joined at Senafé by Kasa, the ruler of Tigré, and his chiefs, who remained encamped in the neighbourhood until the departure of the English. The great chiefs of Tigré, who had been released from Magdala, Dejatch Araya, Aragowe, the son of Sabagadis, and the chief of Haramat, swore allegiance to Kasa at a durbar held at Senafé in presence of Sir Robert Napier, who presented the ruler of Tigré with a battery of mountain-guns and mortars, and smooth-bore muskets for one regiment. The supplies of arms were intended partly as a return for assistance rendered by Kasa in furnishing the English troops with provisions, and partly to enable him to hold his own against the Egyptians on one side, and the possible attacks of Dejatch Gobazie on the other.

The arrangements for the re-embarkation of the Abyssinian expeditionary force were so accurately calculated, that all the troops had departed by the middle of June, when the rainy season on the highlands commences; and Abyssinia, which for eight months had been the scene of the marches and encampments of English troops, was again left entirely to itself, to work out its own destiny in its own way.

From most points of view this Abyssinian expedition may be looked upon by Englishmen with unmixed satisfaction. The cause of quarrel was absolutely just, the main objects for which the expedition was undertaken were secured, and public opinion was still sufficiently alive to the honour of England to approve the addition of a penny to the income-tax to maintain it. But in thus seeking our own ends there was a responsibility incurred, and that responsibility should not have been lost sight of. The English invaded Abyssinia to liberate captives, whose deliverance was essential to England's honour; and, therefore, to destroy the power of the existing King, and introduce such changes into the country as an invasion of this kind must of necessity give rise to. This action on the part of a great nation, although forced upon it by circumstances, and not voluntarily undertaken, brought with it a duty to the weaker and invaded people. England should not have abandoned Abyssinia to her fate. The main cause of the barbarism of the one Christian country in Africa is undoubtedly its isolation; and the occupation of the sea-coast by the Turks towards the end of the sixteenth century was a terrible calamity. It cut off a people, with a literature and a Christianity dating from the fourth century, from all intercourse with their fellow-Christians, from all civilizing influences, and from every chance of improving their condition. There was once, amongst the

nobles of Abyssinia, an officer with the title of Behar-negais, or Lord of the Sea, who ruled the maritime provinces. But this was before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, before the ships of Europe began to trade in the ports of the East. At the very time when the Portuguese first appeared in the Red Sea, the Turks seized upon Massowah and Suakim, and the Abyssinians were deprived of the benefits which intercourse with the traders of the West would have brought them. From that time, the title of Behar-negais had no meaning; but it has always been preserved, and is still held by the mountain chief of Dixan. If the English had once more made that title a reality, if they had unlocked and thrown wide open the gates of Abyssinia, the results of the march to Magdala would have been a blessing to a large fraction of Africa, and would have been productive of permanent good. Zulla should—with the concurrence of France and the other great Powers—have been declared a free port with resident consuls, like Aden, and the sovereignty should have been intrusted to an Abyssinian Behar-negais, under the ruler of Tigré; the limits of the port to include Senafé and the intervening line of road. The Egyptians might have received some money compensation for the loss of an imaginary right which they had never exercised; and the curse which their occupation of the coast has brought upon Abyssinia would have been removed.

SUGGESTIONS ON PRIMARY EDUCATION, AND A SHORT NOTICE OF THE METHOD OF TEACHING READING AND WRITING IN GERMANY.

FROM all the discussion that has recently taken place on the subject of education, it may be fairly presumed that great changes will be made in the present system. The country at large seems to have awakened to a sense of the vast importance of the question, and to have begun to see that, if we are not more earnest, more skilful, and we may add more liberal, in dealing with it, our people will cease to hold the place that they have held among civilized nations.

Much has been said of late on the subject of compulsory education, and it does not seem improbable that something in this line may be attempted. Whether or not the principle is introduced, it is surely desirable that every means should be adopted to bring the children of the working classes to school, and to keep them a certain time under effective instruction. Our object here is to give a few practical suggestions as to the means of furthering this end.

In introducing alterations and improvements into the working of schools, the circumstances of each locality should be carefully considered. All children of the working classes should pass through school examinations, and one of the teacher's difficulties in preparing for these is the irregular attendance of the pupils. In special cases, leave of absence might be granted for certain times—parents or volunteer teachers engaging to get them up in certain lessons; and, if they passed, a promise of further leave should be held out. This would apply especially to country-places or watering-places where there is a *season*. We have only here touched upon an idea, to which we may return more in detail, that of forming an organized system of voluntary aid in National Education.

Should the Permissive Bill pass, even without compulsory rating, it will probably throw a great deal of responsibility on corporations. They will have

it in their power to make a general scheme for schools under their management, and to work them, if they please, on a large scale. The opportunity that would be thus offered for trying a new experiment has tempted us to call attention to the working of primary schools in Germany. We believe the system to which we allude is carried on throughout that country, though we can speak with certainty only of Prussia and Bavaria.

The fact that, in the Berlin primary schools for the poor, children are taught the elements of reading and writing in six months, and that at the end of one year they are able to read in the Testament and to write a tolerable small-hand, is one deserving of all attention.

Let us now consider the past and present condition of our own National Schools, and then relate all we have learnt about those in Germany.

Before the Revised Code came into action, one master or one mistress ruled over each school, having under them a number of pupil-teachers. Each school was divided into five or six classes, or perhaps even more. The first class was the teacher's special delight. All the bright and intelligent children passed rapidly into it. In them the teacher's heart rejoiced, and the labour for these children was a labour of love. No pains were spared, and the inspector could, no doubt, record many instances of successful pupils.

It would, however, be untrue to say that no pains were bestowed on the lower classes, where the dull and slow children continued, perhaps, during their whole school-life. The very pride and pleasure that the teacher felt in his much-loved first class would, no doubt, often prevent him from wilfully neglecting the others. Yet some, we believe, unwittingly fell into this error; it is a fault which a teacher can understand and excuse, but certainly it is

one that should not be overlooked by an inspector.

We are perfectly ready to allow that the Revised Code was a wise and necessary measure; but we cannot but think that its effect in details has not been sufficiently considered. The work of teaching has become almost entirely task-work. The life seems to have gone out of it. Let us look at the state of our schools since this code first came into operation. With exactly the same machinery, the teachers are required to attend to every child, to see that he or she passes in reading, writing, and arithmetic. This is evidently a great security to the managers of the school and to the parents of the children. They can ascertain the position of each child in the school. But for the teacher, alas! the change is a grievous one. A great part of the pleasure of teaching the first class must be given up. The anxiety of having to ascertain the proficiency of each child in the school is extremely fatiguing; and if the school be a large one, there can be little time and energy left for teaching higher subjects. Pupil-teachers cannot often be trusted to do the work. In England children enter school at all times of the year, and the difficulty of classing them is very great; the classes are frequently very unequal in knowledge, and require sub-dividing, and all this labour falls upon the master.

The plan of employing under-teachers is becoming popular, and it is, we think, a wise one. Pupil-teachers should not be intrusted with much responsibility until they have had considerable experience; and, moreover, the practice of conferring on young boys and girls authority over those who ought really to be their companions is often injurious to the character. They should learn and practise under older teachers, and at first their work should be exclusively to help under supervision.

But to return to our subject. The point especially to be noticed is the fact that it is extremely difficult for teachers under the present school organization to produce the results required; and that the existing arrangements tend to

destroy a most important element of education, which it will be a serious error to neglect,—namely, moral influence, and much of that spirit of affection which used formerly to prevail. Happily these influences cannot be said to have died out entirely, for teachers are too conscientious to let this be the case, but they are smothered under the requirements of the new code.

These requirements need not be lessened, but schools might be so constituted that teachers could produce the needful results without excessive labour; at the same time preserving leisure and composure sufficient to learn the characters of their pupils, and to attend to their moral training and development.

One means of attaining this end would be to facilitate the teaching of reading and writing, and this, we think, might be done by adopting the method followed in the primary schools of Germany. Reading and writing are taught together, the sound of each letter is learnt first, and the letters are called by their sounds, not by the names that we have been accustomed to give them. The letter is then written, and the child tries to copy in writing each letter and word that it learns. The next step is to put these sounds of letters together, and very soon words of some length are learnt.

A primer explaining this method has been prepared by a German teacher on the plan of Dr. Vogel's German primer, and is now in course of publication by the Clarendon Press.¹

This German lady gives the following account of a primary school in Berlin,

¹ It would be of great service if the authoress of this little work could herself be induced to give lessons in England on her method. The writer of this article would gladly assist in bringing this about if she found that managers of schools in any town or district would be willing to avail themselves of this teacher's instructions and to contribute towards the necessary expenses. The new method of teaching reading and writing together, will be found fully and clearly explained in the preface to the Primer. Any further information in her power about this plan will be gladly furnished on application, by letter, to Miss A. J. Clough, Post-office, Ambleside.

with reference to the teaching of reading and writing :—

" I went to speak to the head-master of one of our national schools to see the way in which the children were taught, in order to give an exact account. The school is in one of the poorest and worst districts in Berlin. Boys and girls are taught in the same building, but in different classes,

" and in different rooms. Each class consists of fifty or sixty children. They come to school at six years old, and generally remain till fourteen, when they are confirmed.

" I add the weekly time-table of this primary school, which will show that reading and writing do not occupy an unusual length of time in German schools :—

DAILY TIME-TABLE OF THE LOWEST CLASS IN A GERMAN PRIMARY SCHOOL.

TIME.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
8-9	Religion.	Religion.	Religion.	Religion.	Religion.	Religion.
9-10	Writing and Reading.	Writing and Reading.	Writing and Reading.	Writing and Reading.	Writing and Reading.	Writing and Reading.
10-11	Arithmetic.	{ Lesson on Objects or Learning.	Arithmetic.	Arithmetic.	{ Lesson on Objects or Learning.	Arithmetic.
AFTERNOON.						
2-3	Writing.	Writing.		Writing.	Writing.	
3-4	Singing.	{ Writing and Reading.	Half-Holiday.	Singing.	{ Writing and Reading.	Half-Holiday.

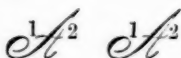
GENERAL PLAN OF A PRIMARY SCHOOL AT BERLIN (1868).

SUBJECTS OF INSTRUCTION.	(Lowest Class.) CLASS V.		CLASS IV.		CLASS III.		CLASS II.		(Highest Class.) CLASS I.	
	Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.
	No. of Hours per Week.	No. of Hours per Week.	No. of Hours per Week.	No. of Hours per Week.	No. of Hours per Week.	No. of Hours per Week.	No. of Hours per Week.	No. of Hours per Week.	No. of Hours per Week.	No. of Hours per Week.
Religion	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	4	4
Reading	8 ¹	8 ¹	8	8	6	6	4	4	4	3
Learning by Heart and Conversation on Pictures	2	2	2	2						
Spelling and Grammar	4	4	4	4	4	3
Writing	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3
Arithmetic	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3
Singing	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Knowledge of Home and Country	2	2
History	2	
Geography	2	
Drawing	2	...	2	2
Geometry	2	
Physics	2	2
Sewing and Knitting	3	8
Sum Total of Hours per Week	26	26	26	26	26	26	28	32	32	32

¹ Reading and writing combined.

"Reading and writing are taught together. The sounds of the letters are taught first with the help of pictures, and when the children know the sound they learn to write it at once.

"The special writing-lessons in the lower classes aim at practising the arm, the finger, and the eye. The children write their strokes to the beating of time (*Takt-schreiben*)—one for the up-stroke and two for the down-stroke—a method which is adopted in all the classes.



"Everything is done by the word of command. They begin by writing first in the air with outstretched forefinger and arm; and great attention is paid to the position in sitting and to the manner of holding the pen. In the two lower classes the pupils write on slates.

"Children are expected to pass through the fifth or lowest class in six months, and at the end of that time to be perfect in all the sounds, and to be able to make out some words and write them down. The next six months are employed in gaining fluency in reading and facility in writing. One teacher takes a class of fifty or sixty children for reading and writing; and the teacher to whom I spoke had been teaching in this way for ten years, and assured me that, if all the children attended the lessons regularly, they would all learn to read and write in six months; but, as many were irregular in their attendance, only about three-fifths of the pupils learnt satisfactorily, the other two-fifths remaining in the lowest class to begin again with the new-comers. In the rooms, seven cubic feet of space for each child is considered needful. The lowest class is divided into two sections, and taught by one teacher—the children who are in the second half-year at school forming the first section, and the new-comers the second. While those in the first section are copying what they have read, those in the

"second are reading, and *vice versa*. In lessons on objects, religion, learning by heart, and arithmetic, the whole class works together, and the first section generally proves a great help to the teacher, the children in it acting as guides to the new-comers."

We cannot hope at first to accomplish as much as the Germans do, but we might surely make our children read and write well in eighteen months if in Germany this is done in a year in national schools, and in much less time in private schools. Some system for the better organization of our national school elementary instruction, if not precisely such as is here indicated, would surely produce better results than those we now obtain. The expense might be increased, though very slightly in large schools. To facilitate the adoption of this new method of teaching reading and writing in our existing schools, with their separate departments for boys, girls, and infants, one of the class-rooms might be used as a reading and writing school for boys and girls together, under one teacher. Children might begin attending this class at *five*, having been previously occupied in singing, drawing, counting, drilling, and knitting.

Boys and girls might be taught together till they have passed through one or two other classes; more especially if the teachers were women. But after that it would be better to divide them till they entered the highest class, when they might again share the instruction of the same teacher, a female teacher being present with the girls, even if she took no part in giving the lessons.

At all events, we hope that if any new schools be founded by corporations or associations, the principle of large classes, which is acted on in German schools, may be recognised. Teachers will then be able to concentrate their undisturbed attention on their classes, and will have some little leisure to know and love the children that compose them. It has been proposed that these new schools should be secular; and indeed, owing to the great number of sects and the consequent difficulties, we sup-

pose it may sometimes be necessary; but, at least, let the moral influences have full play. By kindness, by thoughtful care, by speaking in a religious way of things secular, a religious and a reverential spirit may be cultivated; and there is little doubt that the very fact of having the same children to watch over and instruct day by day for at least a year must excite a deep and affectionate interest in the teachers if they are good for anything.

We should be disposed to give teachers further advantages, by allowing them leisure for a fortnightly class, to which they might invite their especial favourites—for we, indeed, do believe in favourites; no doubt teachers should ever strive to be strictly just, but it is through their best-beloved pupils that they learn to love the whole class or school, and through them their work becomes light and pleasant. The time and thought expended on skilfully planning our school arrangements will not be thrown away if the teachers are enabled to go through their work with composure, and the certainty that with due industry the results will be satisfactory.

In schools from which religious instruction was not banished, of which there would be many, the teachers would have far more power to instruct on these higher subjects, since their minds would be more at rest, more fitted to speak of important things; while in secular schools the result would be the same when the higher duties of life had to be touched upon.

Some will, we know, contend that the weariness of perpetual repetition in one subject will take the life and spirit out of teachers. But if they feel that they are doing well for their pupils they do not easily weary; it is unsatisfactory work that tires most. Many, too, greatly prefer teaching little children, and find immense interest and variety in watching and developing their different natures from the beginning. Moreover, it might be arranged that a teacher of the lower division in a school might take a class in the upper school on certain days in some special subject; this would stimu-

late study, and prevent stagnation of mind.

Some subjects might be taught by special teachers, who would either visit several schools—as is the custom in private schools—or else lecture to groups of pupils of both sexes collected from several schools in one district. These teachers might be chosen from among the young men and women who had just left the training-schools, and such a scheme, properly managed, would give them an opportunity of seeing different parts of the country, and observing the working of various schools. At the end of a year, or at most two, these teachers should be required to take schools or situations as under-teachers, and to work at the routine of their calling; but the hope should be held out that at the end of seven or ten years they would be able to claim a relief of three months' rest, and one year of lecturing; and, with a view to obtaining this relief, they should be required to keep up and improve themselves in certain subjects, and perhaps to pass an examination in them before claiming it.

This scheme for lectures and higher class teaching must of course be undertaken by Government or by districts in association. It would give an aim for intellectual development which does not now exist for persons of this profession; it need hardly be said that the remuneration should be liberal, and the work not so great as to interfere with leisure for observation. We would even suggest that for the most intelligent teachers there should be further rewards provided and advantages offered for distinguished services in education, such as permission to travel and visit schools in Europe and America, with a grant to cover expenses.

Such recognitions of merit would tend to bring in a higher class of persons as primary teachers, and thus, as is most desirable, the social status of our teachers would be raised. And surely all faithful, earnest workers in this cause should be honoured, and every opportunity seized of affording them both pleasure and fuller intellectual development.

To return to the subject of voluntary help, we cannot but think that this is an element which, if properly organized, might be turned to great account in national education.

In each town or country district there ought to be an Educational Association. The school inspectors of the district should be members of the association, and should assist in planning the work for volunteers, who would be responsible to them for all work done out of school. But the master or mistress should rule supreme over his or her school, and the volunteer workers be expected to fall in with the plans of the several teachers, though they might assist or even preside at examinations, recitations, or any other public exhibitions that might be instituted occasionally to give life and spirit to the daily routine of school, and to excite the interest of the parents.

This association should receive and register the names of those willing to give any aid. Volunteers should state what kind of work they would undertake, and the amount of time to be given to it; they should be content to work under authority in the matter of bringing up children to a certain standard, though the method need not be prescribed. They would also be expected to visit the parents, to induce them to send their children to school, and to take an interest in furthering their improvement. The school managers should have a voice in accepting or refusing the services of voluntary teachers, though they should not have the right of appointing them. Classes might be formed by these volunteers for children whose attendance at school was necessarily irregular. In all cases the aim should be to work up pupils to the appointed standard. Thus education would come within the reach

of many children who would otherwise be kept at home. Meetings for parents should be held, the fathers to come at night, the mothers in the day-time; and here would be explained the objects of the Educational Association. Every means would be taken to kindle in parents a desire for their children's improvement, and suggestions given as to how they could best assist in their education. Emulation might be excited by speaking of what is done in other countries, and how much they are before us in these matters.

Would not this be a noble cause, and a fitting opportunity for bringing together different classes? They could surely unite in the object of the education of the young, where on one side the ties are so tender, and on the other the responsibility of neglect so great.

We would enter further into the details of such an organization as this, but that we fear to be tedious; and these few hints, indicating the general plan, are as much as the general public can be expected to notice.

In conclusion we would draw attention to the fact, that it seems to be the tendency of the age to seek for co-operation and combination, thus saving power and utilizing it to the utmost. In the plan suggested we have, we believe, but caught the spirit of the age and applied it to education. Scattered over the country are many brave soldiers fighting, single-handed or in small bands, against crying and gigantic evils; these we ardently desire to see united into great armies of workers, well equipped with skill, perseverance and fortitude, and crowned with that true charity without which all our doings are nothing worth.

A. J. C.

REALMAH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

CHAP. XXXI.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE SIEGE.

On the twelfth day began another great attack upon the southern and western quarters of the town.

A few words must here be given in explanation of the way in which Abibah had been built.

When the first settlers commenced driving their piles, there was, from some inequality in the nature of the ground at the bottom of the lake, a curved line about eighteen feet in breadth and about a thousand yards in length, in which the piles sank hopelessly into soft mud, finding no footing. This part therefore had been abandoned as foundation, and had been bridged over by flooring which could be easily removed. It divided the city in this way: that two-fifths of the city were on the southern and western side of this sort of covered canal, and three-fifths on the other side. The canal itself was called "The Way of the Pescaras" (the largest kind of fish found in those waters). Unfortunately, there was a bit of the eastern quarter of the town which was in a similar way cut off from the main part of that eastern quarter by a canal. The enemy became aware of this fact. That island, if it may be so called, in the eastern quarter, was mainly occupied by a small fortress.

The attack, on the part of the besiegers, commenced at the rising of the sun. The number of assailants who were brought into immediate action was twice as great as that which had been brought into action on the previous occasion. And, moreover, they had this great advantage, that their people had gained and maintained a lodgment in the Street of the Ambassadors. From early morning till late evening the battle raged furiously in the southern and

western quarters, and also at that part of the eastern quarter which I have described.

All the barricades were forced by the evening. The women and children were hastily removed into the northern and eastern quarters of the town, where the poor creatures were huddled together in the open spaces.

Where the battle raged most furiously was in the great market-place, which, for the sake of convenience, as being nearer to the land whence they drew their supplies, was in the southern part of the town. Here Realmah himself was present, though not taking much part in the action. In his mind he compared the attack of the numerous enemy to a flood of molten lava. The comparison was a just one; for, as in the flow of a stream of lava it is at the edges of the torrent that there is least force, while at the middle part it boils up and overflows the edges, so it was with the attack of the enemy, who pressed over the prostrate bodies of their own men, and overwhelmed Realmah's now disheartened forces.

The shades of evening came on, and found the men of the North in possession of the two-fifths of the town, bounded by the Pescara Canal; and also, which was still more alarming, of the fortress in the eastern quarter of the town. The slaughter on both sides had been immense; and, alas! many women and children of the town of Abibah had been slain during this dreadful day. One remarkable incident must be commemorated. Litervi, that cautious and judicious counsellor, had returned from his mission, and had been placed in command of the eastern fortress. Like another great man whose fate is commemorated in the story of one of the greatest sieges that ever took place in the world, Litervi had found himself alone at the topmost part of the fortress, with

all his warriors slain around him ; and, after hurling his massive club (for he was one of those old-fashioned warriors who could not abide the new weapons) upon the enemy beneath him, he threw himself down—being resolved to slay at least one of the enemy by that last missile. This was told to Realmah, who merely remarked that Litervi was a wise, happy, and good man.

Llama-mah, too, had shown his devotion in a very unexpected manner. According to the usual theory, Llama-mah, who had been a flatterer in the days of prosperity, ought to have been a coward and betrayer in the days of adversity. But men are so strange in their ways that there is no accounting for them. Llama-mah, at the risk of his own life, and receiving a dangerous wound, had stepped in front of Realmah and saved his life in the great fight in the market-place ; for Llama-mah really loved the man he had so often flattered and beguiled.

Realmah sat in the great Hall of Audience on the evening of this day's disastrous fight. A cordon of his guard kept off the crowd of persons who came for orders, admitting them one by one. Suddenly a head, which had been hurled over the canal by the enemy with loud triumphant shouts, was brought to Realmah. He recognised at once the noble features of Londardo, who, it appears, had fallen in some skirmish, while leading the scattered troops of the Phelatahs to the place of rendezvous.

Realmah was much affected by this sight, but did not show what he felt. He merely observed—"Preserve it for a noble burial when we have conquered."

All night long the King received his chieftains, and gave to each man the orders or the encouragement that he required. There was one thing that much astonished these chieftains, who were all men of high rank, namely, that sundry obscure persons, mere artisans, fishermen, and iron-workers, were admitted to Realmah's presence, and had long audiences of the King.

The first faint dawn of morning, with its cold grey light, began to appear. Realmah quitted the Hall of Audience

and went up to the topmost story of his uncle's palace, now his own. Realmah was fond of high places ; and this topmost story, or watch-tower, having an open gallery round it, was the only addition he had made to that palace.

What a scene was spread before him ! Towards the north and west he could hardly discern any water for the innumerable rafts of the enemy, which now surrounded those parts of the town. To the extreme east, however, there was a sight to be seen which gladdened the King's heart. A large army of the Sheviri and their allies was posted on the eastern heights about three miles and a half distant ; and, to attack them, numerous bodies of the enemy's troops were already beginning to march eastward, deserting their quarters on the southern shore of the town.

Realmah had ordered that, upon no account, whatever might happen, should he be disturbed while he remained in this watch-tower. Joyfully he observed the movement of the enemy's troops on shore, until the greater part of them had moved to a position within a mile's distance of Athlah's. He then raised a large green flag, and watched with satisfaction his little fleet, which he had kept far out of harm's way until the present moment (a fleet of arrant cowards, as the enemy called them), move in good order, round the eastern part of the town, and take up a position close to the southern quarter of the town, near that part of the shore which the enemy had abandoned.

Meanwhile he had raised a large red flag which he still kept in his hand. One half hour, a time of dreadful suspense, in which Realmah seemed to himself to live a life, passed away ; and then, to his infinite joy, appeared in twenty or thirty different places in the southern and western parts of the town, on the further side of the Pescara Canal, light wreaths of smoke—the prelude to so many great fires.

Realmah's plan was simple. He had resolved to sacrifice two-fifths of his town, and by that means to secure victory. His own escape at the outbreak of the revolution had long given him

the groundwork of this plan. He had caused maps to be carefully made of what we may call the underground, or rather underfloor, part of his city, and knew to a nicety those devious paths upon the waters along which small boats could make their way amongst the piles. Thirty canoes, which had been moored under his palace, had been destined for this work of incendiarism: and their men had been furnished with the most inflammable materials.

Realmah had hardly time to descend from his watch-tower and place himself at the head of his troops before the flames had burst out furiously in many quarters of that part of the town occupied by the enemy. They were utterly dismayed by this new and unexpected form of attack, and before they had time to recover their presence of mind, Realmah had thrown planks across the Pescara Canal, forming temporary bridges, and was upon them.

His own people had not thoroughly known Realmah before that day. There are two lines of Byron's which well describe what had been, and what were now, Realmah's feelings and his mode of action:—

"Then all was stern collectedness and art,
Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart."

Thus it is ever with men in whose natures are combined great passion and great prudence. A hundred times, perhaps, they play with the hilt of their swords; and the bystander, or opponent, little knows how much they have longed to draw them, and what restraint they have exercised upon themselves. But when the time has come, and they do flash forth those swords, it is with a fury that contains in itself the long-accumulated passion hitherto oppressed and controlled, but never really annihilated, by the restraints of prudence.

The King's feelings were very bitter against the men of the North. To them he traced all the misfortunes of his life. By reason of them, he had been made a prisoner. For them he had lost his Ainah. To contend with them, he had

left the peaceful paths of life so dear to him, and had become a king, with all the miseries (for to such a man miseries they were) of kingly state. Silently he had seen his choicest troops fall before these barbarians. Silently, and with no outward demonstration of sorrow, but with tears of the heart, he had seen the poor women and children of Abibah slaughtered before his eyes by them; and, at this moment, he saw a large part of the city he loved so well about to be consumed by fire, to get rid of these hateful invaders.

The King was that day as one possessed. Danger and Death, scared by such a madman, fled before him. His guards, the most active and energetic young men, toiled after their sickly, careworn, almost-deformed King, in vain.

The enemy in the city being attacked at once by fire, by the fierce Realmah, and by the fleet of boats which prevented their escape, and cut off their retreat, perished nearly to a man. Those on the rafts made at once for the southern shore, where they joined the main body of the troops, who, discovering the stratagem that had been devised against them, quitted their position opposite to Athlah's camp, and returned to their old quarters.

There was mourning and lamentation in the enemy's camp that night. Three of their greatest chiefs (amongst them it was said the King of the North himself) had perished in the town.

All night the flames rose higher and higher, and affronted the placid skies. These flames did not invade that part of the town which lay to the north and east of the canal; but the rest of the town was completely consumed. There was not, however, a man amongst the Sheviri so base as to deplore publicly the loss of his own habitation.

Meanwhile Realmah joined Athlah. The next day a great attack was made upon the position of the men of the North; and their complete defeat ensued. Hardly a man escaped to tell the tale; but Realmah, naturally merciful, gave orders for sparing the women and children who had accompanied the men of the North. These were incorporated

into the nation of the Sheviri, who learnt many of the arts of life from their captives.

Thus were the men of the North defeated, without the aid of pestilence and famine; and not for generations did they venture again to invade the now indomitable South. The name of Realmah became a word of terror with which they scared their fretful children into swift obedience. And the land had peace.

Ellesmere. I am not too much devoted to Realmah, but I am glad that he and the besieged have got the best of it. I am always on the side of the besieged. I remember becoming quite excited on behalf of the Dutch when I read Motley's account of the siege of Antwerp.

Sir Arthur. And then, as boys, how we pitied poor Priam, and longed for Hector to gain the victory. I suppose there is no boy who has not been against that bully Achilles, and who has not been anxious to blab to the Trojans about the real contents of that wooden horse, which seems so stupid a device.

Lady Ellesmere. I wonder that the Trojan women did not find it out. Now Realmah would not have been taken in by such a device, for he had something of woman's nature in him, and of woman's wit.

Ellesmere. Say, craft. But indeed, my lady, you are talking a great man's talk without knowing it. That deep thinker, but not always perfectly intelligible writer, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, maintained that all the greatest men have something of the feminine nature in them.

Sir Arthur. One Trojan maiden, Lady Ellesmere, did warn her people—Cassandra; but nobody believed in her.

"Tunc etiam fitis aperit Cassandra futuris
Ora, dei jussu, non unquam credita Teueris."

Lady Ellesmere. Without translating, gentlemen must not talk Latin, or smoke, or swear, in the presence of ladies.

Ellesmere. She thinks now she has been very epigrammatic. Then men may swear if they translate it? The commonest form of muddlement in sentences is occasioned by this endeavour to be brief. You apply two or three substantives to one verb, or two or three verbs to one substantive or adverb, which do not agree together if you look at them separately. I am obliged to translate for Lady Ellesmere. What she did mean was,—that, in the presence of

ladies, men must not smoke without permission: must not swear at all; and must not quote Latin without translating it.

Sir Arthur. Sir John's conjugal correction of Lady Ellesmere, of the justice of which I am very dubious—

Ellesmere. Saccharinity again!

Sir Arthur.—has given me time to make my translation:—

"For ever disbelieved by Trojan ears,
So willed the god, Cassandra told her fears."

Ellesmere. Such an odd thought struck me while Milverton was reading.

I recalled to my mind Dr. Johnson's going about, with his ink-bottle stuck in his coat, at the sale of Thrale's brewery, and saying, "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

You do not see how this applies, do you? But I said to myself, We are not here to listen to the obscure battles of the Sheviri and the Phelatahs, of the Doolmen or the Koolmen, and their Athlahs, and Realmahs, and Lockmars (about as interesting, as Milton would have said, as the battles of kites and crows); but we are listening to the political notions of a man who is contemplating the present state of Europe and America.

What he means I do not know for certain, but I have ideas.

Sir Arthur. And so have I.

Ellesmere. But I shall not declare my ideas, because Milverton will be sure to say they are not the right ones.

Cranmer. I am sure I do not see what is meant.

Ellesmere. Perhaps not; I only said I had ideas. They are not taxable things, Cranmer, and you cannot prevent my having them. They won't hurt you, Cranmer.

Mauleverer. I see nothing more in it than this, which I believe I knew before, without the aid of the ingenious Milverton, that men had always had plenty of tyrants and oppressors among them, and that, a few times in the world's history, these tyrants and oppressors had been beaten back.

But the Northmen will come again, and that time there will be no Realmah to resist them.

Ellesmere. I know all about it. I know the nation which eventually conquered the Lake cities; and, what is of more importance, I know how the nation attained to its greatness.

To make the rest of Sir John's discourse intelligible, I must give a little explanation. Sir John is a man who

indulges in very few theories. He chiefly employs himself in demolishing the theories of other people; but one theory he has, and holds to very strongly, viz. that grey-eyed people are much cleverer, wiser, and better than the black-eyed or the blue-eyed. It was pointed out to him that Lady Ellesmere has grey eyes, and we knew that he would never admit in public that she had any especial merit. He merely said that this was the one exception which did not "prove the rule," as foolish people say, but which confirmed the statement that there is an exception to almost every rule, however well founded.

Ellesmere. The nation in question was the nation of the Gogoes. A Gogoe of more intelligence than his neighbours put forth the theory that all the blue-eyed female children under three years of age should be made into mince-meat. This theory found favour among many ingenious and thoughtful people. There was soon a mince-meat society, then a mince-meat newspaper.

The question then entered into the domain of politics. The Gogoes were chiefly governed by two great councils. The most potent council was that which sat in the Hall of Echoes, and was an elected body. The other council consisted of the stoutest men of the community, and was an assemblage of Mauleverers, but chiefly of a jolly nature.

The mince-meat question was taken up by an important party in the first-named council. They were never able, however, to make it the law of the land.

You can easily imagine what an excellent subject it was for debate—how much there was to be said on both sides of the question. Eventually the anti-mince-meat party came into power.

Here I am going to say something so profound, and yet so simple, as regards politics, that if people were allowed to carry round a hat, and to receive subscriptions when they had said anything very good, I should, of course, receive much largesse from this liberal company.

It is this. You suppose that the mince-meat party fell from power for some great political reason. Those are the kind of reasons that historical people, like Milverton, endeavour to impose upon us, to account for great political changes; whereas I am a practical man, and I know better. The party fell because people were tired of it.

You think that it is only Aristides of whom his neighbours were tired. But I tell you that Julius Caesar, Sejanus, Thomas à Becket, Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell, and hosts of others, fell—simply because the principal people concerned with them were tired of them. You are fond, Milverton, of quoting that saying of Talleyrand, "that he was avide of facts." I say that "all men are avide of change." Why, men become tired even of themselves, and of their position, however powerful! And thus it was that the mince-meat party in the Gogoe Hall of Echoes fell.

Meanwhile public opinion amongst the Gogoes had been pronounced more and more in favour of the mince-meat question. What did the party newly in power do? They were always for large measures, if they were for any measures at all. Largeness was their forte. They proposed that the black-eyed portion of the young maidens should undergo the same fate as that which had been proposed for the blue-eyed.

The original mince-meat party was astounded; but what could they say or do? Their arguments against the blue-eyed were found to have equal force against the black-eyed, and the large measure passed unanimously.

From that time forward the Gogoes became a great nation. They were not so much "blessed"—or shall we say "bored"?—by an affluence of women, as the surrounding nations were; but all their women, whether won by conquest of neighbouring nations, or born in their own territory, were grey-eyed, which became the fashionable colour. It was the Gogoes, as far as my historical researches have gone, who devastated Europe, and conquered the Lake Cities, and to this day their grey-eyed descendants are ruling men wherever they are to be found.

The original country of the Gogoes (this will be a Milvertonian touch) is where the great river Niebelungen curves round the base of the great mountain Olivago, and falls into the Lake of Palmah, which was then the central part of Europe. I flatter myself that that is equally precise and descriptive, and conveys to you the idea of a territory which can easily be recognised in the present day.

We all laughed very much at the droll way in which Sir John had illustrated his favourite theory, and had combined it with a satirical view of modern politics. Afterwards there was no more conversation, and we went our separate ways.

CHAPTER XIII.

My master, Mr. Milverton, has a great dislike to taking a walk. He can be energetic enough if there is anything to be seen, or done; but walking for walking's sake is odious to him. When the others were going for a walk, he would accompany them across the little bit of flat garden, and even to the entrance of a paddock: but there he would take leave of them, unless there were some remarkable clouds to be seen which could be observed better in the open space of the paddock. Beyond the confines of the paddock I hardly ever knew him favour anybody with his company.

I mention this trifling circumstance because it occasionally prevented me from reporting conversations which I should like to have reported.

Mr. Milverton always viewed with pity anybody who went for a long walk. He would say, "Ellesmere has gone for a long walk upon the Downs to-day, poor fellow!" And I really believe he did pity Sir John upon such an occasion, though Sir John himself immensely enjoyed getting rid of some of his superfluous energy by a walk of ten or twelve miles.

Upon the present occasion they had all gone for a long walk, except Mr. and Mrs. Milverton and myself. We stayed at home and worked at "Realmah."

On their return, they all came rushing into our study, boasting of the immense walk they had taken, with a kind of insolence, as if they had done something wonderful; and calling us "muffs" for having stayed at home all day.

I will now report the conversation which followed:—

Ellesmere. Ah! Master Leonard, we have had such brilliant talk during our excursion. I would have given anything for you to have been with us. After discussing almost all human affairs with a degree of wisdom which is only known to stalwart walkers, we came to a question which would have delighted you. It was, Given a benevolent fairy (I have never myself held a brief for any such party, but Sir Arthur is

sure that there are such parties), and given that the said fairy offered to each of us the absolute fulfilment of any wish we might please to make, what should we wish for? Now you know you would have been in your element in such a conversation. You must not suppose for a moment that this was the ordinary benevolent-fairy business. I limited their wishes in this way—that they must wish for something, not for themselves, but for the good of the world, and that the something in question must not be foolishly wide and conclusive, such as "I wish that everybody may be happy and good;" in short, they were to wish for means, not ends. Moreover—and this was the best part of my limitation, as it knocked off all such things as invisible coats, and ten-leagued boots, and swords of all-powerful sharpness that would make their way even to the brains of bores in Parliament—that the thing wished for must be an increase of something which is in existence.

I need hardly tell you what they all wished for. Mr. Cranmer, of course, wished that the benevolent fairy would endow him with an insight into the depths of political economy, and especially favour him with its views about the Bank Charter Act, in order that he might make the world happy by his next speech upon that subject in the ensuing session of Parliament.

Sir Arthur, of course, wished that the benevolent fairy would impress upon mankind his notions of the beautiful. He thought that an increased perception of beauty in nature and in art would add immensely to human happiness.

Mr. Mauleverer wished that the benevolent fairy would have the goodness to inform mankind thoroughly and completely what a miserable set of wretches they are. They would not then follow after all manner of foolish schemes of happiness, which only lead to disappointment.

Lady Ellesmere expressed a wish that the benevolent fairy would instruct mankind as to the wonderful qualities and merits of her son Johnny. His future success in the world would be the best means she knew of for insuring happiness to mankind.

Cranmer. There are very few grains of truth, we need hardly tell you, Milverton, in all he has said.

Ellesmere. I disregard their vain assertions. You know as well as I do, Milverton, that these were their secret thoughts, even if they pretended to wish for others.

Now what do you say?

Milverton. Well, if I must make a choice, I should say this: Please, benevolent fairy, grant that there should be more love in the world.

Ellesmere. This is vague. These philosophers are always vague. What do you mean by love?

Milverton. You know very well what I mean—that charity, as described by St. Paul, should prevail to the extent which that great Apostle himself desired.

Ellesmere. Well, Master Sandy, and what do you say?

Johnson. Well, I say, Let intellect prevail: let the great thinkers among mankind be able to impose their views upon the rest.

Ellesmere. This, now, is also somewhat vague. Like master, like man! The thinkers differ amongst themselves. My dear Sandy, you must be more precise. You know very well what you mean—namely, that what Milverton dictates and you write should govern the whole of the habitable globe.

Johnson. I do, Sir John.

Ellesmere. That is an honest boy. Have you nothing especial to say about Scotland?

Johnson. No; I will be quite content with the wish I have expressed.

Ellesmere. Now, Mrs. Milverton, it is your turn to have a wish. Shall we wish that Milverton shall be made Lord Milverton? Shall we wish that little Leonard shall cut all his teeth without suffering, and shall become one of the wisest of mankind?

Mrs. Milverton. I will not have words thrust into my mouth. I am not going to say anything that Sir John Ellesmere chooses that I should say. My wish is of a totally different kind. I wish that all mankind should see the beauty of what Goethe calls Renunciation.

Milverton. Bravo, my dear! I believe that you have mentioned the thing which would tend most to raise mankind into a higher atmosphere of being.

Mrs. Milverton. This is not my own idea; but what, in his most serious mood, I have heard Leonard dilate upon.

Ellesmere. You see, Lady Ellesmere, what it is to follow out your husband's views. If you had only said that your wish was that there should be an affluence of good and good-natured criticism—in fact, that there should be a *Saturday Review* for every day in the week—what *kudos* you would have gained from this worshipful company.

Now then, Sir Arthur, and Mr. Cranmer, and Mr. Mauleverer, and Lady Ellesmere, if I have not represented you all truly, say your say.

Mauleverer. I say, Let the earth produce more corn, and with less trouble.

Sir Arthur. I say, Let the distinction of

nations, or rather of races, cease to have such effect as they have had in latter days.

Ellesmere. You forget, Sir Arthur: you must ask for something more, not something less.

Sir Arthur. Well, then, let there be more cosmopolitan good feeling.

Lady Ellesmere. What I wish is this: That the feeling for pain (physical pain, if you please to put it so) should be so predominant throughout mankind, that no one should knowingly do anything which should increase the physical pain of man, woman, animal, fish, or insect.

Here the ladies rose and left us.

Ellesmere. I declare the women have been very clever to-day. It was very sharp of Mrs. Milverton "going in," as the slang phrase is, for "Renunciation;" and for my wife trying to do away with all pain that is caused by our recklessness of physical sufferings. Of course, she does not see the full extent of her views, and that all war would be put an end to, if her benevolent fairy granted her the wish that she seeks for. But now, Cranmer, you protested against my representation of your opinions. What do you wish the fairy to grant you?

Cranmer. That representative government should be brought to perfection, and should prevail everywhere.

Ellesmere. I declare you are all very unkind to me: you have never seriously asked what I wish for.

Sir Arthur. Pray tell us. We are sure that it will be something quite out of the common way.

Ellesmere. No; I believe what I should ask would be the greatest boon that could be demanded for mankind. I only ask this simple, trifling thing—that good reasoning should have its exact weight with mankind.

Now all of you think that this is a small, poor, inadequate wish; but you may depend upon it, it beats all of yours out of the field.

Give me eight thousand millions of mankind (that is the present number on the earth, is it not, Cranmer?) reasoning accurately upon the arguments brought before them, and I, for my part, do not wish any more.

I hate to "talk shop," as it is called; but if you will give me the present Lord Chancellor, that good, just, and honest man, Lord —, to decide upon all questions for the world, I shall be perfectly satisfied. And if my wish were granted, every man would be as good an appreciator of arguments as Lord —.

Sir Arthur. So, you would remit all earthly and heavenly questions to the Court of Chancery.

Ellesmere. I would; and you will never have a tribunal so competent to decide upon them. We don't look at popular opinion, or at aristocratic opinion, or at philosophic opinion, or at unphilosophic opinion; we decide upon the exact matters brought before us; and I do say, however much it might horrify you, that if you would only have the humility to submit any great question to the judicial authorities of this kingdom, it would be well decided.

Milverton. What, the highest abstract questions?

Ellesmere. Yes. We—I am speaking for the great lights of the Bench—are equal to decide any earthly question brought before us. We have ascertained what justice means. We are really impartial. I believe that in England there is more of the judicial faculty developed than in any other nation. Newspapers, what you are pleased to call public opinion, political considerations of all kinds, personal considerations of all kinds, weigh not with us. We shall simply (I am speaking for our great judges) give its due weight exactly to what is brought before us to decide upon.

I must admit that Sandy and I seem to have somewhat of the same idea. There is, however, this distinction. He says, Let great intellect prevail; I say, Let good reasoning prevail. According to his system there would be endless contention; whereas, according to mine, there would be clear judicial decision and precise action consequent thereupon.

The company then rose.

Mauleverer. Stay. I must say something more. You have all taken this matter more seriously than I expected, and I desire to recall my former wish. I should ask for more knowledge.

It has become the fashion in this house of late, to express one's ideas after the mode of the *Shiviri*, by fables or apologues. Now I wish you to listen very patiently to a little story of mine.

Once upon a time there was an island (I observe most of your stories relate to islands), the unfortunate inhabitants of which were molested in this way. An invisible fiend supposed to rise from the ground would lay hold of one of these inhabitants and give him a sound beating, making every bone to ache. The fiend would repeat this chastisement at regular intervals, say every two, three, or four days,

at the same hour of the day. At last any poor man who was so persecuted would tremble and shiver all over when the time for his punishment came. But if this poor man had but known (see the advantage of knowledge) one or two simple things, he could have defied his enemy.

The first was a salve which, when applied to the eyes, rendered the foul fiend perfectly visible. Now this fiend was a slow, dull, heavy fiend—

Ellesmere. Slow, dull, heavy, and punctual, therefore a good fiend of business, as we say a good man of business, Cranmer.

Mauleverer—and never could mount higher than thirty feet.¹ Consequently if the man went up a ladder thirty feet high, he could laugh at the dull fiend, and defy him.

But more than this, there was a good-natured wood-sprite, a dryad, who would walk hand-in-hand with any of the poor men of the island, and would carry him safely through any of the fastnesses of the foul fiend. Unfortunately, however, for thousands of years, neither the eye-salve, nor the habitation of the wood-sprite, who by the way lived some six thousand miles off, though he would come at a minute's notice, were known to the inhabitants of the island.

Cranmer. I have not the least idea what you mean. I wish all of you would talk more plainly. You despise blue books, but really they are much more intelligible than you are with your sleep-stuffs and Spoolans, and foul fiends and wood-sprites.

Mauleverer. To come down then to a blue book, the foul fiend is the ague. The eye-salve is the microscope, which has shown us exactly the limits of the ague spore. The wood-sprite is Jesuit's bark or quinine.

Now I beg to ask you, Milverton, whether your "love," or Mrs. Milverton's "renunciation;" or, Mr. Johnson, your "thinking;" or, Ellesmere, your "reasoning," would ever have found out a remedy for the ague? No: you must all admit that I should ask the fairy for the right thing, merely, more knowledge.

I hope too, you all observe, that the instance I have given shows the exceeding misery of man, and how much too small he is for his place, that he should go on suffering all this misery for thousands of years when a little knowledge would have raised him above it.

Depend upon it the present generation is suffering in an exactly similar way from many such evils, moral, intellectual, and

¹ See an excellent paper on this subject in a recent number of *All the Year Round*.

physical, which a little more knowledge would dispel.

No one made any reply, and the company then separated.

CHAPTER XIV.

I was telling Mr. Milverton the interest I had felt in the conversation of yesterday about the choice of gifts from the benevolent fairy. "Well," he said, "if you like this kind of fanciful discussion, we will have another. What shall we choose? I think it would call out all Ellesmere's comicalities, if we were to ask what he would do if his life were to be prolonged to the length of those of the patriarchs."

When two people have resolved that a conversation shall come to a particular point, they can always manage to effect their object. Accordingly, when we next met, Mr. Milverton and myself soon contrived to place the question before Sir John Ellesmere in the manner that we had proposed, and the conversation proceeded thus:—

Ellesmere. I am to have a 900 years' life. Let me see, what age did I convince you all the other day that I was? I think thirty-seven. Well, then, in the first place, I decline to live 863 years with Lady Ellesmere. You know, my dear, you are a most agreeable woman; but in the course of a few hundred years, always struggling, as you do, for mastery, you would be sure to gain complete power over me, and I object to being such a slave as you would then make of me.

Lady Ellesmere. There was nothing said, John, about my having the same term of life as yours. No person, even in imagination, could be so cruel as to make a poor woman live for hundreds of years with you.

Sir Arthur. Pray let these interesting conjugal remarks cease; and let us hear what you would aim at, Ellesmere, if you had before you this great length of life.

Ellesmere. I have no objection to tell you. But you must not fancy that everything I say is a joke. I do not like being always the funny man of the company. If I say something which I really mean, but which does not happen to fit in with your small notions of wisdom and propriety, you laugh your silly laughs, and have not the slightest faith in the earnestness of what I say.

Cranmer. We will believe in you, Sir John, as much as we possibly can.

Milverton. Now, then, Ellesmere, proceed.

Ellesmere. In the first place, I would abolish the penny post.

Milverton. That we knew before.

Ellesmere. In the next place I would disinvent telegraphic communication.

Milverton. Good. That we knew too.

Ellesmere. When I say I would do this thing, or that thing, you must readily see that I should have the power to do it, because, outliving the rest of mankind, I should get the whip-hand of the whole nation. My experience would prevail over theirs, and I should be universally listened to and respected.

I should abolish bells, and so win Sir Arthur's heart. I mean out-of-door bells. I never met with any sensible person who liked these noises.

Milverton. True: but really, Ellesmere, what small things you are proposing.

Ellesmere. Well, I will come to much greater then. I would set my face against the growth of great cities. People laugh at James the First, and think him a pedant and a fool; but I have always thought him very wise in his strong objection to the increase of London. If you allow cities to increase in this way you ultimately get them so big that it is impossible to have fresh air. I am as serious as I ever was in my life, when I say that the perpetual and rapid increase of London is a grief to me.

Milverton. I quite agree with you.

Ellesmere. Well, then, I would build a house—a model house. I really think that a great part of the evils that afflict mankind are to be traced to the badness of their habitations. I do not bother myself with what you sanitary reformers say about things; but I can see that nine-tenths of your difficulties would vanish if good houses and cottages were built.

Cranmer. But what do you mean by a good house?

Ellesmere. Well, if you must know, I mean, in the first place, a washable house—washable thoroughly, inside and outside. Building, as I should, for 800 years, I should resolve to be free from paperers and painters and plasterers, and, in short, from repairers of all kinds.

Sir Arthur. But, Ellesmere, as Milverton says, you have hitherto mentioned such trivial things—mere mint and cummin.

Ellesmere. I would reform dress. Is that a small thing?

Again: I would establish recreation—such recreation as has never hitherto been thought of. There should be no town, how-

ever small, which should not have its appointed place for recreation—for indoors and out-of-doors recreations. In every town—yes, almost in every village—there is musical talent enough to form the delight of the population if it were well developed.

Milverton. I really think that Ellesmere is upon the right tack now.

Ellesmere. I would also provide medical aid and service for almost every centre of population, however small.

By the way, I would certainly set up an *Ædile*.

Mrs. Milverton. I am very ignorant, but I do not know what an *Ædile* is. I suppose it is a person, not a thing. And if it is a person, what duties has he to perform?

Ellesmere. It is said that the late Bishop of London being asked by some inquisitive foreigner (what a nuisance it is when people are always wanting information) what an English Archdeacon had to do, judiciously replied, "Oh, an Archdeacon is a person who performs Archidiaconal duties." So I say an *Ædile* was a person who performed *Ædilian* duties. Seriously, I am afraid, in the presence of these learned men, to undertake to give a full account of an *Ædile's* duties. I may say briefly that he was the arch-putter-down of nuisances. If there was such an officer now—mark you, he was a very powerful man—I should not be plagued with street cries, with the howling of my neighbour's dog, with unwholesome odours of all kinds; and it would be his business to see that I was generally made comfortable. Only tell him that you suspected that your goods were dealt out to you with false weights and measures, and he would soon settle that matter for you. No Boards, or Commissioners, or people of that kind to consult, and to receive dreary official letters from; but you would have a swiftly perambulating Lord Mayor with plenary authority. London would require a good many *Ædiles*.

Cranmer. Would you abolish lawyers?

Ellesmere. This is a very painful question; but I think I would. In the course of 800 years, using the legal talents of each generation, I should be able to arrange and codify the law; and then I would only have public notaries.

Sir Arthur. What about war?

Ellesmere. Here I should shine. Here would come in that practical good sense of which I possess so large a share. We are such a set of foolish, quarrelsome little beasts, and we derive so much pleasure from hearing about sieges and battles, and knowing of the miseries of our fellow-creatures, that I should not endeavour to abolish war altogether. But what I should do is this. I should reduce the European

armies in the following proportion. I should allow them one man for each thousand that they now possess. France, for instance, should have 700 soldiers; Austria, about the same number; Prussia, 600; England, 450; Russia, 800; and the United States, 900.¹ The great naval powers should be allowed a ship apiece, and one or two gun-boats. These little armies and navies should go about fighting away like fun, and undertaking what would then be thought great battles and sieges. The newspapers would still be well fed with interesting events; and taxation for war purposes would be insignificant. I should have little model cities outside the great cities, which should represent them for war-like purposes—a neat little Paris outside Paris: and I should scatter some squalidity in the way of building about Wimbledon Common, and call it London in military despatches.

Again, another reform I should institute of the utmost magnitude is this: I should abolish after-dinner speeches.

Sir Arthur. The world would be grateful to you for that.

Ellesmere. Then I should bring my enormous power and experience to bear upon all literature. I should reduce three-volume novels to one.

Cranmer. But about the newspaper press? What should you do with that?

Ellesmere. For the sake of freedom, I should allow one article in each newspaper to be published without signature. To all the others I should require signature. I should make the newspapers into an octavo shape, with the leaves cut.

Johnson. What about the Church?

Ellesmere. I should forbid any one to preach a sermon more than once in three weeks. I would make sermons, instead of being nuisances, things to which the congregation would look forward with expectation, and listen with delight.

Maulverer. What about education?

Ellesmere. Oh, in that matter I would institute reforms that would astound you. I would organize bands of well-instructed persons who should go about the country and teach everybody everything; and not merely teach in the ordinary way, but exemplify.

Cranmer. And this is your practical man, who laughs at theorists and enthusiasts!

Ellesmere. Recollect I have 800 years and more to work in. I should be able to

¹ It must be remembered that this conversation took place some time ago.

organize a system which, if it were well developed, would far surpass the present. I would have people who could teach the rudiments of the best arts in life—who could instruct in cookery, in natural history—in the properties of earth, air, and water. I know what is to be said in respect of the shallowness that may result from mere lecturing; but, on the other hand, I have observed how greatly those people are enlightened, elevated, and instructed, who have had only what is called a smattering of knowledge, derived from judicious lectures. And then, look at this. There is a genius in some remote place or obscure position—one of those people described in Gray's *Elegy*:—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,"

and the good seed of instruction falls upon his or her mind; and then we have an inventor. The consideration of Newton's life has always weighed much with me. It has been a great blessing to mankind that that wonderful man was not a labourer's child. Being a farmer's son, he got the rudiments of education, and upon that small platform what a building did he not erect! I mean my peasants' children to have, at least, all the advantages that Newton had.

Sir Arthur. I declare, Sir John, you are becoming quite eloquent.

Ellesmere. Oh! I should mainly rely upon education. That is the chief fulcrum upon which we could raise society.

Cranmer. What about political economy?

Ellesmere. Don't be unhappy, Cranmer. In the course of 800 years—about the 781st—I would settle the Bank Charter Act, and there should be no more of these absurd panics.

Milverton. What about government?

Ellesmere. I would in this respect institute reforms of which now you are only dreaming. Do you think I would be plagued to death with distant peoples' affairs? Not I. Do you think, as Sydney Smith says, I would have upon every bare rock, where a cormorant can hardly get its living, a Governor, and a Bishop, and an Attorney-General? Not but what the last-named officer would be useful anywhere; but still we must do even without him when we cannot afford to have him.

Milverton. I beg you all especially to remember what Ellesmere has just now said.

Ellesmere. Then, as to home government; I would abolish bribery and suppress bores in the House of Commons.

A man should prove to me that he knew something about government before he should govern; and not even Milverton himself, with all his schemes, should educe a more comprehensive form of official government than I, in my 800 years, would strive to create. You do not think I would have a Lord Privy Seal, do you, when the Privy Seal had ceased to be an entity of any importance?

Cranmer. What about the House of Lords?

Ellesmere. I would certainly make my House of Lords a senate consisting of the wisest and ablest men who had filled public functions, and also consisting of those men who, from their education, their wealth—or rather, their want of health—their peculiar nature, were not especially fitted to solicit popular suffrages, but were well fitted to become members of a legislative assembly.

Milverton. What would you do about the poor?

Ellesmere. Well, I feel that the labouring poor have an immense claim upon us. I would render smooth and happy their life in latter days. I believe that we could well afford to do so, and that these poor people have the greatest claim upon us. If a man or woman has worked, we will say, for fifty or sixty years, in the production of the fruits of the earth for us, we are bound, I think, to render happy, as far as we can, the last years of this poor person's life.

Sir Arthur. I must still say, Sir John, that your inventive genius does not take great flights. You would crush the penny post, disinvent—I think that was the word—the telegraph, build a house, abolish bell-ringing, and send round lecturers, who—if I make out right—were chiefly to be good cooks, improve the House of Lords, and a few other little transactions of that kind. But the human mind—

Ellesmere. Wait a bit, Sir Arthur. I am going to take the human mind, or rather the human soul, in hand presently. You may depend upon it, however, that the human body needs our first attention. How can a man be virtuous in a smoky house, listening to the noise of those detestable bells, startled by the penny postman's rap, delivering bills all the day, and being threatened by those alarming telegraph envelopes?

But now for the human mind. I shall put down jealousy. I do not mean man-and-woman jealousy; but all that misery which arises from sensitive people being afraid that they are not liked enough, that they are not made enough of, that they are

neglected, that somebody is foolish enough to prefer somebody else to them.

Milverton. Your 863 years will be full of work, I see.

Ellesmere. I am discontented with that word jealousy. Give me another word, Milverton.

Milverton. Claimfulness?

Ellesmere. Not a bad idea; but the word is an ugly word, and will not do.

Milverton. Claimativeness, then?

Ellesmere. That is better.

Now the reason that Milverton and I have been such good friends from boyhood upwards, is that we are both so free from jealousy, or, to use his own word, claimativeness.

This is no merit on his part; but a great one on mine. Of course Milverton has great faults in my eyes. He always likes everybody. He has fewer dislikes than any man I ever met with. Whereas I own to having a good many hearty dislikes—and he never partakes them with me. I might have been jealous or claimative a thousand times, seeing him take to people whom I cannot endure, and whom I might fancy he prefers to me.

You come and complain to him that So-and-So is a horrid bore, and Milverton replies:—"Well, but he has built a great many cottages on his estate"—or "he is very kind to his three maiden aunts"—or "he is very great in Byzantine literature"—or "his views upon the digamma are sound,"—or "he is a great natural historian, supereminent in moths,"—or "he knows which are the edible fungi; and the poor would gain so much if the right fungi were brought into fashion."

Well, I distrust fungi: I do not care much for moths, they are as sure to worry one by burning themselves in the candle as a poor clergyman is to invest his savings in Poyais Bonds or any other destructive security. I loathe the digamma, which I believe to have been a thing invented by schoolmasters to plague mankind, or rather boykind. I am not attracted by the three maiden aunts, and I am not going to live in So-and-So's cottages; but I know that So-and-So is an egregious bore, and I might naturally be jealous of Milverton's making so much of this man.

I am really so free from jealousy or claimativeness, that if I were to find that Milverton had invited a very agreeable party to Worth Ashton, and I was not asked, I should not feel that I was neglected; but should conclude at once that there was good reason for my not being asked—that the digamma man was to be there, and

it was thought that I should speak irreverently of the digamma, or that there was scarlatina in the village, and that no risk was to be run for dear little Johnny. In a word, I should firmly believe that Milverton would long to have me with him; but could not manage it. I should not be in the least claimative. Indeed the more I consider myself, which I seldom have time to do sufficiently, the more I perceive that I am really a very great man (though Lady Ellesmere does not think so); and in the course of these 863 years I should make other people as great as myself.

Mr. Cranmer. But how is this to be done, Sir John?

Ellesmere. Why, man, I should direct all literature and all education, and all sermonizing; and I should have claimativeness written, talked, educated, and sermonized down.

Sir Arthur. Does it ever enter into your imagination, Sir John, that this claimativeness, which you inveigh against, proceeds from modesty?

Ellesmere. I hate modesty.

Lady Ellesmere. No wonder.

Milverton. But, seriously, my dear fellow, do consider that you have always been a successful man; that you have good health; that your enemies would say—not that I say it—that you have a little touch of hardness in your character; and that, perhaps, you do not make sufficient allowance for humble, timid, sensitive people, who are naturally prone to think they are neglected.

Ellesmere. It is all selfishness or immoderate self-esteem. That too is the cause of shyness. I am not shy.

Lady Ellesmere. Oh yes, you are, John. I do not know anybody who is more shy when he is in the company of those who do not sympathise with him, or understand him.

Ellesmere. Well, in the course of the 863 years I will get rid of shyness, and modesty, and claimativeness, and all my other vices—if I have any; and I will become a great man, and will bring all other people up to my level.

Sir Arthur. You are gradually to rule all literature. You kindly intimated to us that you would reduce all three-volume novels to one. How is this to be done?

Ellesmere. I am an outrageous and immoderate reader of fiction. I admire, as I have told you, the writers of fiction amazingly; but I have great faults to find with them, especially with their incidents.

Now there is dear old Sandy there. He is just the sort of quiet, observant fellow

to be mapping all our characters down, and forming us into a novel. I will address him as if he were an arch-novel writer, and will give him such a lecture as will make him the first novel-writer of his time.

Johnson. Pray do, Sir John, for then my fortune is made.

Ellesmere. Now, Sandy, you are the arch-novel writer, and I am the hero of the novel.

In the first place I decline to go to a picnic party. You novel-writers always make something very important occur at a picnic, whereas in real life I have never found anything important occur, except that the earwigs are mixed up with the salt. I will not go to a picnic.

Johnson. Yes, sir.

Ellesmere. I will not be upset from a boat. No sooner do I read in any novel that there is a river, or a lake, near the principal house, than I know that I, the hero, am to be upset from a boat. Matilda and Louisa are to be with me. Matilda I really love, Louisa I am engaged to. In rescuing these two dear creatures I am to throw Louisa carelessly into the bottom of the boat, while I am to support Matilda in my arms, and to whisper to her (loud enough to be heard by Louisa), "Matilda, dearest, open your eyes once more, and gaze upon your beloved Augustus." I object, in this damp fashion, to be brought to betray my affections and to lengthen out the second volume. Do you hear, Mr. Novel-writer?

Johnson. I do, Mr. Hero. You shall not be upset from a boat.

Ellesmere. Thank you. Well then, sir, I decline, after having enjoyed my property for twenty years, to have a will of my great-uncle's discovered in an old book, which should dispossess me of the property and make me liable for the back rents received during those twenty years.

Johnson. The great-uncle's will shall not be found, Sir John.

Ellesmere. Thank you. Again I do not wish my uncle in India, Mr. Currie Pudder, to have made a fortune and to leave it to me exactly at the right moment. I can do without my uncle.

Sir Arthur. Few people there are who can.

Johnson. I must not be rash. I cannot promise you, Sir John, that you are not to have Mr. Currie Pudder as your rich uncle in India; and if you please I must kill him when I choose, and not when it is perfectly convenient to you.

Ellesmere. Very good. There is one comfort, Master Sandy, that you are not going to live for 863 years.

I am now going to impress upon Mr. Novel-writer one of my strongest objections to his usual mode of proceeding. I have declined many pleasant things; and now I decline to be made successful in any calling or profession upon having merely distinguished myself upon one occasion. In your novel, Johnson, if I, the hero, make a speech, as a lawyer or a politician, produce a remarkable sermon as a clergyman, cure one difficult case as a doctor—all of a sudden, honours, dignities, and riches pour in upon me like a flood, and Matilda's father withdraws all his objections. If I am a poet, and write a sonnet; if I am a prose-writer, and write an essay; the great publishers all at once besiege my doors—that is, in the novel, for in real life I never experienced anything of the kind. My early sonnets were laughed at, and my first speeches were said to be "very well for a young man;" but Pump Court was not inundated by attorneys' clerks inquiring the way to Mr. Ellesmere's chambers.

The truth is, the world is a very hard, and yet a somewhat elastic substance; and you have to hit it many consecutive blows, and to keep on hitting it, before you produce any such impression as will create for you a serviceable reputation.

Why, in a novel I have known Mr. Hero rise suddenly from being a private secretary to being a Cabinet Minister; but nothing like this happens in real life. When you see a successful man, you generally find him middle-aged, slightly bald, very haggard-looking, and generally with dints in his face which show how much he has endured and laboured. He is a much battered-about individual, and not at all like the young man who rejoices in Matilda's love, and who has suddenly, at one bound, prevailed over adverse fates, and conquered fortune.

Now, without any joking, it is a very mischievous thing to misrepresent life as novelists often do in this respect, and so to indicate that success is to be attained by anything but hard, long, and continuous effort.

Mr. Novel-writer, I would rather you would overwhelm me with rich uncles, or make me pick up treasure in Oxford Street, than delude me by making me put forth an all-commanding speech, sonnet, essay, or sermon. What do you say to this, Sandy?

Johnson. I really am placed in very unpleasant and difficult circumstances. My hero is without any money; and Matilda's father is obdurate. My hero has gone forth to seek his fortune in the world; and

I really cannot wait until he is slightly bald and somewhat "battered," to use Sir John's expression, and Matilda has grown very stout, before they are to be married. What is to be done? There must certainly be an unlimited supply of uncles, or on that little bit of land which my hero has retained out of all his possessions, and which lies on the top of a down, a coal-mine must be discovered. I am not to be bullied by geology, at any rate.

Ellesmere. Well, discover your coal-mine for me, Sandy, in preference to your making statesmen and attorneys and publishers all act contrary to their natures.

Well, then, I absolutely refuse to have a brain-fever brought on by change of circumstances and unaccustomed work at a critical time of my fortunes. I never had a brain-fever—even when Lady Ellesmere, benighted woman, at first refused to have anything to say to me. Have you had a brain-fever? or you, or you, or you, or you, or you? [turning to us all.]

We all answered in the negative.

Then why should I have one; and why should I reveal in moments of delirium my especial regard for Matilda—and her blue-grey eyes, black eyelashes, and auburn hair?

Johnson. I am very sorry not to be able to oblige a gentleman-hero in your position; but I am not sure that I can carry on my novel without your having a brain-fever.

Ellesmere. What tyrants and pedants these novel-writers are!

Well, one thing I protest against, namely—Matilda's coming and nursing me when I have the brain-fever. I cannot imagine a more disagreeable thing for a poor hero, when he is ill, than having the young woman he keeps company with to come and look after him in his deadly illness.

Would you like to hear the passage in the novel which describes the unpleasant transaction?

We said that we should.

"Edwin,"—I like the name of Edwin better than Augustus—"had for a month been hovering between life and death. Dimly, during the last few days, he had been conscious of a presence which had seemed to him like a beautiful vision. On the fifth day he opened his eyes, and discerned a creature of joy and beauty which reminded him of his Matilda; but which he thought to be an angel.

"On the sixth day with a sigh he opened his eyes, regarded the vision steadily, and exclaimed, 'Matilda!'

"Later in the day he uttered the words, 'Again, again!' This was in reality a demand for more chicken broth, but was supposed by the bystanders to be a demand for the reappearance of his Matilda—especially as he stretched out his white and wasted hand as if to have it clasped in hers."

I cannot go on any more. My feelings overpower me; but to speak plainly, Matilda is a nuisance in the sickroom. Now I am getting used to Lady Ellesmere; but, if I were to tell the honest truth, I should prefer being nursed by Peter Robinson, my old clerk, to anybody in the world. Peter does not mind one's fractiousness. Scold Peter ever so much about the gruel, and he would only move up and down his bushy eyebrows and wink at you, as much as to say, "You are very tiresome; but I don't mind it a bit." Now Lady Ellesmere would go and cry—Yes, my dear, you know you would—and would never recognise the fact that an invalid is a tiresome, querulous, irritable, unreasonable being.

No: as the hero of the novel I take my stand upon this. I will go to a picnic; I will be tumbled out from a boat; I will be dispossessed of my property; I will spring into full success at one bound; I will have a brain-fever; but I will not be nursed by the young woman that I keep company with. Don't talk to me about Richard Swiveller and the Marchioness. The Marchioness was accustomed to squalidity and misery; but my Matilda has been brought up in the best circles, and I cannot be plagued with her in a sickroom.

Johnson. I will be merciful, Sir John. You shall not be plagued with Matilda when you have a brain-fever.

Ellesmere. I could go on throughout the whole evening, cutting down the incidents which form the ordinary staple of modern novel-writers. For example, I would insist that when the novel-writer has brought eight or ten characters upon the scene, he shall not contrive their movements in such a way as that whether the hero or heroine remain in England, or go to Australia, or to India, he or she shall always find himself or herself surrounded by the same people.

Now I have said enough, I think, to show that if I could eliminate these foolish and unreasonable accidents and incidents, we should have no more three-volumed novels; and by the time I had lived through my eight hundred and sixty-three years, all fiction would be so much like fact that there would be no more occasion for any biographers or historians; and if that would

not increase the happiness of the world, I do not know what would.

But I have not done yet. I should devote myself greatly to instructing people in the arts of reading and writing. In the course of 800 years I should persuade the English to open their mouths, and speak plainly. This would be a great improvement.

Then, as to writing, I would insist upon everybody being able to write clearly. I am "lost in astonishment,"—do you know that phrase of Milverton's which he is so fond of, and also that other one of "humanity shudders when it contemplates?" Well, I am going to borrow them both for the occasion. I say that I am lost in astonishment at the audacity of people who write letters to me which I cannot read. And humanity shudders when it contemplates, or at least it ought to shudder when it contemplates, how very badly, all over the world, it writes. It is all the fault of that villain who invented a fine up-stroke.

There have been one or two sneers at my having mentioned only small matters. Did you hear that I meant to put down the bores in the House of Commons? Do you call that a small thing? Why, all the other things I should accomplish in the first 300 years; and the remaining 500 I should devote to putting down bores and sending up balloons. Not easy matters, either of them; but still, I believe, within the reach of human power.

Sir Arthur. You said something about reforming dress, Ellesmere?

Ellesmere. Yes; the lion should have his mane again.

Cranmer. I haven't a conception what he means.

Ellesmere. Why, that the male creature should dress well.

Mrs. Milverton. But what about us?

Ellesmere. My dear Blanche, I should devote thirty solid years to your improvement; and, in the course of those thirty years, I should institute two such great reforms in your nature, that I should make you all perfectly lovable.

I should make each woman not to be afraid of all other women. They are to fear us, and not their own sex—consequently a woman should not be ashamed of going out five times following to parties in the same dress, if the dress were becoming, and pleased her husband, her brother, or her lover.

Lady Ellesmere. The second great reform?

Ellesmere. I should develop vanity amongst women—personal vanity—which seems now to be so dead amongst them.

Sir Arthur. I have always prided my-

self upon having the greatest admiration for women, and never uttering any foolish sneer against them; but Sir John goes far beyond me. I did imagine, I dare say without due thought, that they had vanity enough.

Ellesmere. No, no, Sir Arthur, you are quite mistaken. Each woman sacrifices her own personal appearance to the conceits of fashion—whereas, when I had properly developed every woman's personal vanity, she would only think how she could dress herself in the manner that would be most becoming to her. At present, they are all sadly deficient in a care for their own especial beauties.

Mrs. Milverton. There is a great deal of truth in what Sir John says.

Ellesmere. I believe there is, but I have yet a great deal more to say.

I would make everything in the way of festivity shorter and earlier. Balls should begin at eight o'clock in the winter, and nine in the summer. Dinners should never last more than two hours, concerts be abridged by one hour. There should never be performed more than one play at a time. As for evening parties, unless they are very much improved in the course of these 900 years, I shall abolish them altogether.

At remote railway stations, I shall have lending libraries. Is there anything more suicidal in its tendency than having to wait at one of these stations for two mortal hours?

Now I come to what I suppose you will call a great thing, as if the things I have just proposed were little things! I shall do away with the adulteration of food and drugs. I believe I could do that now, with my present term of life, if I could only get one or two clever young members of Parliament to back me, and get up the facts, leaving me to see how the matter could be dealt with legally.

Milverton. This is really good, Ellesmere.

Ellesmere. Now I don't take that as any compliment—just as if the other things were not good!

Why, man! do you suppose that there are not as many lives injured or lost by ill-managed festivity as even by the adulteration of food? And recollect this, that I mean to take care of the recreation of the poor, and not allow them to bolt down their beer and their spirits without tempering it with plenty of real recreation—open air, music, dancing, quoits, bowls, and cricket; and for quiet people, like Milverton, dominoes and backgammon.

I shall set my face against hurry.

Lastly, I shall put down parentheses, snub fine writing of all kinds, and make people say what they have to say in clear, distinct sentences, with a proper nominative case, verb, and accusative; and nobody shall use words of which he does not understand the meaning; consequently, the words "objective" and "subjective" will be banished from the language.

I have said my say.

Sir Arthur. I must sum up, for I have noted down the great labours which Ellesmere purposes for himself in these 853 years.

You will observe that three-fourths of them have reference to getting rid of something tiresome, and indicate the natural wishes of a man who, unhappily for himself in this tiresome world, is easily bored.

He would abolish the penny post, disinvest the telegraph, silence bell-ringing, stop the growth of great cities, build a good house, reform dress (chiefly by making women more vain), abolish lawyers and substitute notaries, reduce armies 999 per 1000, send lecturers on practical subjects throughout the country, put down bores in the House of Commons and set up balloons, crush all jealousy, do away with after-dinner speeches, reduce all three-volume novels to one volume, make everybody write well, make everything in the way of recreation shorter and earlier, prevent the adulteration of food, provide lending libraries at remote stations, set his face against hurry, and put down parentheses.

Goodly work, all of it! Let us hope that he will make a beginning of some of this work during his natural lifetime.

Ellesmere. One thing more! My after-thoughts are, perhaps, the best of my thoughts. I will have it declared, absolutely, and finally, that this nation does not undertake to protect missionaries who go into distant countries with which we have no settled diplomatic relations.

Great will be the joy of the Three per Cents. as Sydney Smith would say, when I have brought the nation to this most needful resolve.

More last words! I have a brilliant idea. Indeed I am as full of ideas as an egg is of meat.

I told you that I should make a small London, for military purposes, out of London—on Wimbledon Common, I think. Well, I shall remove most of the London statues

to that small town. If the enemy should be of an æsthetic turn of mind, and should gain entrance into the town, they will be so disgusted, horrified, and amazed by these statues that they will fall an easy prey to our troops. On the other hand, if they should survive the shock, and take the town, they will carry off the statues as trophies taken from the barbarians. At any rate, we shall get rid of the statues from London proper.

Now, is it not desirable that I should have this long life, which Milverton and Sandy are kind enough to arrange for me, if only to effect this grand reform?

I end with what I began with—that *Milady* must not have this length of life too. You know women are so persevering, and so one-idea'd. Men can be bored out of anything. I do feel that if you gave her the same vitality as I am to have, it would be *Lady Ellesmere*, and not *Sir John*, who would govern the world. And I leave you to guess how it would then be governed. Eventually, she would put down smoking, and take away from the male part of the human race the chief element of consolation—the one thing which enables men to bear their troubles with an equal mind.

Our conversation had now lasted so long that it was getting towards evening, and the gong began to sound for dressing. *Mr. Mauleverer*, who had hitherto been silent, now burst out with the exclamation,—“Oh, what dinners we should have, if *Sir John* could rule us for eight hundred and sixty-three years! What a pretty idea that was of his to send about the country consummate cooks as lecturers. But humanity, as I have always told you, is a poor creature. And even in the greatest characters—*Sir John's*, for instance,—there are sad defects and shortcomings. The remarks he made about edible fungi were those of a man, comparatively speaking, small-minded, prejudiced, and ignorant.”

We all laughed at *Mr. Mauleverer's* enthusiasm, and then separated to dress for dinner.

To be continued.

THE SUN AS A TYPE OF THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE.

BY BALFOUR STEWART, LL.D., F.R.S., AND J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.A.S.

PART II.

THE PLACE OF LIFE IN A UNIVERSE OF ENERGY.

THERE is often a striking likeness between principles which nevertheless belong to very different departments of knowledge. Each branch of the tree of knowledge bears its own precious fruit, and yet there is a unity in this variety—a community of type that prevails throughout. Nor is this resemblance a merely fanciful one, or one which the mind conjures up for its own amusement. While it has produced a very plentiful crop of analogies, allegories, parables, and proverbs, not always of the best kind, yet parables and proverbs are or ought to be not fictions but truths.

We shall venture to begin this article by instituting an analogy between the social and the physical world, in the hope that those more familiar with the former than with the latter may be led to clearly perceive what is meant by the word ENERGY in a strictly physical sense. Energy in the social world is well understood. When a man pursues his course undaunted by opposition, unappalled by obstacles, he is said to be a very energetic man. By his energy, we mean the power which he possesses of overcoming obstacles; and the amount of his energy is measured by the amount of obstacles which he can overcome, by the amount of work which he can do. Such a man may in truth be regarded as a social cannon-ball. By means of his energy of character he will scatter the ranks of his opponents and demolish their ramparts. Nevertheless, such a man will sometimes be defeated by an opponent who does not possess a tithe of his personal energy. Now, why is this?

The reason is that, although his opponent may be deficient in personal energy, yet he may possess more than an equivalent in the high position which he occupies, and it is simply this position that enables him to combat successfully with a man of much greater personal energy than himself. If two men throw stones at one another, one of whom stands on the top of a house and the other at the bottom, the man at the top of the house has evidently the advantage.

So in like manner, if two men of equal personal energy contend together, the one who has the highest social position has the best chance of succeeding.

But this high position means energy under another form. It means that at some remote period a vast amount of personal energy was expended in raising the family into this high position. The founder of the family had doubtless greater energy than his fellow-men, and spent it in raising himself and his family into a position of advantage. The personal element may have long since vanished from the family, but it has been transmuted into something else, and it enables the present representative to accomplish a great deal, owing solely to the high position which he has acquired through the efforts of another. We thus see that in the social world we have what may be justly called two kinds of energy, namely—

1. Actual or personal energy.
2. Energy derived from position.

Let us now turn to the physical world. In this as in the social world, it is difficult to ascend. The force of gravity may be compared to that force which keeps a man down in the world.

If a stone be shot upwards with great velocity, it may be said to have in it a great deal of actual energy, because it

has the power of overcoming the obstacle interposed by gravity to its ascent, just as a man of great energy has the power of overcoming obstacles.

This stone as it continues to mount upwards will do so with a gradually decreasing velocity, until at the summit of its flight all the actual energy with which it started has been spent in raising it against the force of gravity to this elevated position. It is now moving with no velocity, and may be supposed to be caught and lodged upon the top of a house.

Here, then, it rests, without the slightest tendency to move, and we naturally inquire, What has become of the energy with which it began its flight? Has this energy disappeared from the universe without leaving behind it any equivalent? Is it lost for ever, and utterly wasted? Far from it, the actual energy with which the stone began its flight has no more disappeared from the universe of energy than the carbon which we burn in our fire disappears from the universe of matter.

It has only changed its form and disappeared as energy of actual motion in gaining for the stone a position of advantage with respect to the force of gravity.

Thus it is seen that during the upward flight of the stone its energy of actual motion has gradually become changed into energy of position, and the reverse will take place during its downward flight, if we now suppose it dislodged from the top of the house. In this latter case the energy of position with which it begins its downward flight is gradually converted into energy of actual motion, until at last, when it once more reaches the ground, it has the same amount of velocity, and therefore of actual energy, which it had at first.

Thus we have also in the physical world two kinds of energy: in the first place we have that of actual motion, and in the next we have that of position. We see from this how intimate is the analogy between the social and the physical worlds as regards energy, the only difference being that, while in the former it is impossible to

measure energy with exactness, in the latter we can gauge it with the utmost precision, for it means the power of performing work, and work (it is needless to mention in this mechanical age) is capable of very accurate measurement.

There are several varieties of energy in the universe, and, Proteus-like, it is always changing its form. Had it not been for this habit we should have understood it long since, but it was only when its endeavours to escape from the grasp of the experimentalist were of no avail, that it ceased its struggles and told us the truth.

All of these varieties may, however, be embraced under the two heads already mentioned,—namely, *energy of actual motion* and *energy of position*.

A railway train, a meteor, a mountain torrent, represent *energy of motion*, but there is also invisible molecular motion which does not the less exist because it is invisible. Such for example is heat, for we have reason to believe that the particles of hot bodies are in very violent motion. A ray of light is another example of energy of motion, and so likewise is a current of electricity; and if we associate the latter with a flash of lightning, it ought to be remembered that the flash is due to particles of air that have been intensely heated by electricity becoming changed into heat. Electricity in motion is pre-eminently a silent energy, and it is only when changed into something else that its character becomes violent.

Then, again, as representing *energy of position* we may instance our stone at the top of the house, or a head of water, both of which derive their energy from their advantageous position with respect to gravity.

But there are other forces besides gravity. Thus a watch newly wound up is in a condition of visible advantage with respect to the force of the mainspring, and as it continues to go it gradually loses this energy of position, converting it into energy of motion. A cross-bow bent is likewise in a position of advantage with respect to the spring of the bow; and when its bolt is dis-

charged this energy of position is converted into energy of motion.

Besides this, there are invisible forms of energy of position.

When we tear asunder a stone from the earth, and lodge the former on the top of a house, we obtain visible energy of position, the force *against* which we act being *gravity*.

But we may also tear asunder from each other the component atoms of some chemical compound, our act here being performed *against* the very powerful force called *chemical affinity*.

Thus taking a particle of carbonic acid we may tear asunder the oxygen from the carbon, and, if our scale of operations be sufficiently great, we shall obtain separate from each other one mass of carbon and another of oxygen,—not, however, without the expenditure of a very large amount of energy in producing this separation.

We have, however, obtained a convenient form of energy of position as the result of our labours, which we may keep in store for any length of time, and finally, by allowing the carbon and oxygen to reunite,—that is to say, by burning the carbon,—we may recover in the shape of heat and light the energy which we originally expended in forcing these bodies asunder.

Some of the most prominent varieties of energy of motion and of position have now been described, and the remarks made have induced the belief that this thing, energy, this capacity which exists in matter for performing work of one kind or another, is by no means a fluctuating element of our universe, but has a reality and a permanence comparable to that which we associate with an atom of matter.

The grand principle of the conservation of energy, a principle lately proved by Dr. Joule,¹ asserts that energy, like ordinary matter, is incapable of being either created or destroyed. We will endeavour to give two examples

in illustration of this great law, which is worthy of the highest attention.

Let us first ask, with Rumford and Davy, When a hammer has struck an anvil, what becomes of the energy of the blow? or when a railway train in motion has been stopped by the break, what becomes of the energy of the train? A proper understanding of what here takes place will very much conduce to a clear conception of the laws of energy.

Unquestionably in both these instances energy seems to have disappeared—to have vanished, at least, from that category which embraces visible energy, and we are taught to ask if the disappearance means annihilation or only a change of form. Let us examine what other phenomena accompany this seeming disappearance. It is well known that an anvil or piece of metal repeatedly struck by a hammer becomes hot, nay, even red hot, if the process be continued long enough. It is also known that when a railway train is stopped there is much friction at the break-wheel, from which on a dark night sparks may be seen to issue. We may add to these the experiment of Davy, in which two pieces of ice are melted by being rubbed against each other. The concomitants of percussion and friction are thus seen to be in the first place an apparent destruction of energy, and in the second the apparent generation of heat; and this mere juxtaposition of the two phenomena is quite enough to suggest that in this case mechanical energy is changed into heat.

The second example to be mentioned in illustration of the laws of energy is the origin of coal or wood. Coal or wood, as we all know, is a very concentrated and convenient form of energy. We can bring a great deal of heat out of it, or we can make it do a great deal of mechanical work.

Now as wood grows, from whence does the wood derive its energy? We are entitled to ask this just as fairly as from what source it derives its particles. The wood, we answer, derives its energy from the sun's rays. Part of these rays

¹ We ought not to omit the names of W. R. Grove and Mayer in connexion with this generalization.

is spent in decomposing carbonic acid in the leaves of plants, ejecting the oxygen (one of the products of this decomposition) into the air, but retaining the carbon in the leaf, and ultimately building up the woody fibre from this very carbon.

Nothing for nothing in these regions. The sun's energy is spent in producing the wood or coal, and the energy of the wood or coal is spent (far from economically, it is to be regretted) in warming our houses and in driving our engines.

These two illustrations will tend to impress upon the minds of our readers the truth of the grand principle of the conservation of energy.

The principle now described has reference, however, merely to quantity, and asserts that in all the various transmutations of energy there is no such thing as creation or annihilation. An additional principle discovered by Sir W. Thomson), and named by him the "dissipation of energy," refers to quality. And here also there is a striking analogy between the social and the physical world; for as in the social world there are forms of energy conducing to no useful result, so likewise in the physical world there are degraded forms of energy from which we can derive no benefit. And as in the social world a man may degrade his energy, so also in the physical world may energy be degraded; in both worlds, when degradation is once accomplished, a complete recovery would appear to be impossible, unless energy of a superior form be communicated from without.

The best representative of superior energy is mechanical effect. Another is heat of high temperature, or the means of producing this in the shape of fuel.

The mechanical energy of a machine in motion may not only give us useful work, but, if we choose, we can transmute it either directly or indirectly into all other forms of energy. Again, high-temperature heat is another very useful form of energy, and by means of the steam-engine it may be converted into mechanical effect. On the other hand, when heat is equally diffused or spread

about, it represents the most degraded and worthless of all forms of energy. Nothing of value can be accomplished by its means. Thus, for instance, there is abundance of heat spread throughout the walls of the chamber in which we now write, but not a particle of all this can be converted into useful mechanical effect.

Long before any of these laws were known the superiority of certain kinds of energy was instinctively recognised; and desperate, but of course futile, efforts have ever and anon been made by enthusiastic visionaries to procure a perpetual motion or an ever-burning light. We could amuse our readers, if we had time, with some of these: the lesson they teach is that no ingenuity can raise a superstructure without foundations. The possibility of a perpetual motion still lingers in the minds of certain enthusiasts, but the idea of an ever-burning light has vanished long since; it seems more than the other to have been associated with pretensions to magic. Thus, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," we find the monk of St. Mary's Aisle describing in the following words the grave of the famous wizard Michael Scott:—

"Lo, warrior! now the cross of red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night.
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."

Now the law of the dissipation of energy shows us at once why a perpetual motion and an ever-burning light are both equally impossible. It asserts that there is a tendency in the universe to change the superior kinds of energy into inferior or degraded kinds, which latter can only to a very small extent be changed back again into superior forms. Thus we have seen how easy it is by percussion or friction to transmute all the mechanical energy of a blow or visible motion into heat, but only a very small portion of this heat can be transmuted back into visible motion. There is, in fact, a tendency abroad to change all kinds of energy

into low-temperature heat equally spread about,—a thing that is of no possible use to any one.

Seeing, then, that our existence and well-being depend on the presence in the universe of a large quantity of superior energy, which we may be able to utilize, it becomes us to look about us, and take stock as it were of the goods that have been placed at our disposal. Now the nearest approach to an ever-burning lamp is the sun, and a near approach to a perpetual motion is represented by the motion of the earth on its axis, and it will shortly appear that it is from these two sources of superior energy that we draw all our supplies of this indispensable commodity.

Of the two sources the sun is by far the most important. Let us examine very briefly the extent of our obligations to our great luminary. In the first place, without his energy in the shape of heat and light everything in the world would be frozen and dark; for the little heat left, being unrecruited, would very soon pass off into space, and our scanty stock of fuel would form a very poor substitute for the sun's rays. But this is only a small part of what we get from the sun, for we have already hinted that it is by means of the energy of his rays as absorbed by the leaves of plants that carbonic acid is decomposed, and coal and wood produced, coal being a product of the past and wood of the present age.

Food has the same origin as fuel; it is in fact the fuel which we burn in our own bodies instead of on our hearths or in our engines. Without a proper supply of food we should soon cease firstly to perform work and ultimately to live, and the more hard work we have to accomplish the more food must be taken.

In like manner, without a proper supply of fuel a steam-engine would soon cease to perform work. Again, wind and water power, or the power of air and water in motion, ought not to be forgotten as forms of energy which may be usefully applied. These also are indirectly due to our luminary,

whose heat produces currents in the atmosphere, and also carries up in the form of vapour the waters of the ocean to be again precipitated in the form of rain. Windmills and watermills are therefore due to the sun as well as steam-power and muscular energy. Tidal energy stands, however, on another footing. The tides are produced by the action of the moon and of the sun upon the waters of the ocean, but the energy which they represent is not derived from these luminaries, but from the rotative energy of our own globe, which is gradually losing its speed of rotation from this cause, although at a rate which is extremely small, indeed almost infinitesimal.

Is it then the case that we have been furnished on a grand scale with that which enthusiasts have in vain tried to imitate on a small one, namely,—an ever-burning light and a perpetual motion?

If we allow that myriads of years bear a nearer approach to eternity than a few hours, then we may assert that this is the case; but if we regard all duration and all magnitude as comparative, then we have only been furnished on a large scale as regards both these elements with what we can ourselves produce on a small one.

The principle of degradation is at work throughout the universe, not less surely, but only more slowly, than when it combats our puny efforts, and it will ultimately render, it may be, the whole universe, but more assuredly that portion of it with which we are connected, unfit for the habitation of beings like ourselves. As far as we are able to judge, the life of the universe will come to an end not less certainly, but only more slowly, than the life of him who pens these lines or of those who read them.

It is desirable to state clearly, and once for all, that our standpoint in what follows is that of students of physical science. We are here only as such students, and, from the trifling elevation which we may have reached as followers of science, we shall endeavour to answer, it may be imperfectly, but

yet honestly, certain questions which might be put to us by those who are interested in knowing "how the day goes."

More particularly then with regard to the place of life,—What are the conditions necessary in order that the universe may be a fit abode for living beings?

It has already been shown that one of these conditions is the existence in the universe of a quantity of energy, not in a thoroughly degraded state, but capable of producing useful effect; we have now to add that *another condition is the capability of great delicacy of organization.*

The motions of the universe would seem to be of two kinds; it is in fact the old story of a shield with two sides, each side with its champion, and the quarrel between them very hot. If we reflect we shall see that the perfection of the laws which regulate the larger masses of the universe, such as planets, consists in the fact that the motions produced are eminently capable of being made the subject of calculation. But, on the other hand, the very perfection of the animated beings of the universe consists in the fact that their motions cannot possibly be made the subject of calculation. A man who could predict his own motion is an inconceivable monster; in fact, having calculated what he is about to do, he has only to do the opposite in order to show the absurdity of the hypothesis.

This freedom which is given to animated beings is nevertheless held quite in conformity with, and in subjection to, the laws of energy already mentioned, but it requires as a condition of its existence *great delicacy of organization.*

In order to comprehend what is meant by this expression, we may imagine to ourselves a universe consisting of nothing but carbon and oxygen separate from one another. Such a universe would possess to a very large extent a superior kind of energy, yet we cannot by any possibility imagine how such materials could be moulded into organized forms or become the

residence of living beings. The very idea of its sable monsters provokes a smile, although we might perhaps be at a loss were we asked definitely to state our objection to this condition of things.

Let us, however, consider this imaginary universe for a moment, and the nature of its deficiency will soon appear. If on fire, it will continue to burn at a rate which may be calculated without much trouble; if not on fire, it will continue as it is. There is not, therefore, in such a universe any, or hardly any, capacity for producing or sustaining delicate organizations possessing freedom of motion.

A living being (at least one of a superior order) is not only a machine capable of producing motion, but of producing it discontinuously, and in a great variety of ways which cannot be calculated upon except to a very limited extent.

In this respect there is a class of machines analogous to some extent to living bodies. Suppose, for instance, a gun loaded with powder and ball, and very delicately poised, then by the expenditure of a very small amount of energy upon the trigger a stupendous mechanical result may be achieved, which may be greatly varied; touch the trigger, and the gun is discharged, driving out the ball with great velocity. The direction of its path will, however, depend upon the pointing of the gun; if well pointed, it may explode a magazine,—nay, even win an empire.

Here then there is a very stupendous result in the way of visible motion produced through the agency of a very small amount of energy bestowed upon the trigger, and all in conformity with the conservation of energy, since it is a certain kind of energy of position resident in the gunpowder that has been changed into mechanical effect; but yet the result cannot be achieved without the application of this small amount of directive energy to the trigger, for if the trigger be touched too lightly the gun will not go off. The small amount of energy bestowed upon the trigger becomes, as it were, the parent or source of the much larger amount of energy of

the cannon-ball. We have in fact here a machine of *great* though *finite* delicacy of construction.

It is not, however, impossible to suppose a machine of *infinite delicacy of construction*. We may, for instance, imagine an electric arrangement so delicate that by an amount of directive energy less than any assignable quantity a current may be made to start suddenly, cross the Atlantic, and (as far as physical results are concerned) explode a magazine on the other side. Indeed, the forces of nature appear to be such that an infinite delicacy of construction is not inconceivable.

We have thus considered two cases of machines having great delicacy of construction. In the former of these it required a certain finite and definite amount of energy to be expended on the trigger before the gun was discharged, but in the second case things were brought to such a pass that by an application of an amount of energy less than any assignable quantity, the electric circuit would be rendered complete. The first case in fact represents a machine of great but yet finite delicacy; the latter, a machine of infinite delicacy of construction.

Let us now proceed to state the various conceivable functions that life may be supposed to discharge with relation to the energy of the universe: we say conceivable, for in the sequel the reader will be called on to select from a list of four kinds of action, of which two, although conceivable, are yet extremely improbable. Our choice therefore must finally be restricted to two conceptions, neither of which is inconceivable or impossible as far as the laws of energy are concerned; and between these two we must finally choose on other grounds than can with propriety be treated of in this article.

There are four functions which life or intelligence may be supposed to discharge. In the first place, there is the purely materialistic view of life, which may be stated thus:

A living being is a very complicated machine, consisting of matter very deli-

cately organized, but containing besides no other principle; so that, if we knew completely the laws of matter and the position of the various particles which constitute the machine, and if we knew at the same moment the disposition of the exterior universe which is capable of influencing the machine, and if our methods of calculation were sufficiently developed, we should be able to predict all future motions of the living being.

The second hypothesis is, that life or intelligence has the capacity for creating energy. This view is so very improbable that we may dismiss it with a very few remarks. What we can say with truth is that, in all experiments and observations which we have been able to examine thoroughly, energy is not created. It is conceivable that there may be a region beyond our ken in which energy is created, but, arguing according to the principles which are universally admitted to be our guides in such matters, we must pronounce the creation of energy by a living being to be out of the question.¹

The third conceivable hypothesis regarding the function of life is that which asserts that life, although it cannot create energy, can yet transmute *immediately*, and by virtue of its presence, a finite quantity of energy from one form to another. It is necessary to explain the meaning of the word *immediately*. Referring to the gun with a delicate trigger, which we have already alluded to, it cannot be said that the *immediate* cause of the motion of the ball was the energy bestowed upon the trigger: the immediate cause of this motion was the *aëriform* state which the gunpowder had assumed, while again the immediate cause of the change of state in the gunpowder was the heat developed by the explosion of the fulminating powder in the touch-hole, and the cause of the powder's exploding was the blow given to it by the hammer of the lock. The blow again may be traced to the action of the lock-spring, which is set free to act through the small impulse communicated to the trigger. We see from

¹ This was recognised at an early period by Carpenter and Joule.

this, that whenever a finite amount of energy changes its form,—as for instance, when the chemical energy of the gun-powder is changed into the mechanical energy of the ball,—we naturally look to some material circumstance which precedes and explains this change. We may be quite certain that the gun-powder will not explode unless a small quantity of high-temperature heat be communicated to it, nor will the fulminating powder explode unless it receives the blow, nor will the blow be given unless the trigger is pulled.

Thus, in this example, if we are able to change some energy which we have at hand into visible energy sufficient to pull the trigger, that small change will form the original germ of the much greater one implied in the explosion of the powder and the motion of the ball, or rather it will be the first link in a series of changes of which the last is the motion of the ball; and so in similar machines we find a change of energy preceded by some other change, perhaps much smaller in amount, which explains it. And now the question arises, Can life, while it does not create energy, be yet the *immediate* cause of the change of a finite quantity of energy from one form to another, which change would not have taken place without the presence of life, and which is not, therefore, preceded by a material cause in the shape of a parent change of energy? We cannot readily allow that life can act thus, for this would imply that of the finite and measurable changes of energy which take place in the universe, and which therefore either are, or may become, subjects of experiment and observation, some are immediately preceded by a material cause, and some by an immaterial one, and that this is the regular system of things; to the minds of most men an uncertainty of this nature in the immediate causes of measurable results will appear improbable *a priori*, and, moreover, it is a view entirely unsupported by experiment and observation. Let us, therefore, dismiss this view of the action of life, and consider the only other view of its action which appears to be possible.

Assuming, therefore, that life can neither create energy nor yet immediately transform a finite amount of energy from one form to another, may not the living being be an organization of infinite delicacy, by means of which a principle in its essence distinct from matter, by impressing upon it an infinitely small amount of directive energy, may bring about perceptible results? We have shown that such a class of machine is conceivable, when we suggested a certain electrical arrangement, and we know that our bodies are machines of exquisite delicacy. Such a mode of action of the vital principle is not, therefore, inconceivable, and, by supposing that it does not immediately change a finite quantity of energy from one form to another, we get rid of that element of irregularity which we cannot easily admit to be consistent with the order of nature. We are thus presented with two hypotheses of the action of life. The first of these is the materialistic hypothesis, which denies the existence of life as a principle apart from matter; while the other allows the existence of an independent principle, but assumes its action to take place through the medium of a machine of infinite delicacy, so that by a primordial impulse of less than any assignable amount a finite and visible outcome is produced. These are the two alternatives, and it is not within our province to attempt to decide between them. The battle must be fought in other pages than ours, and by other weapons than those which we can produce.

Let us here pause for a moment to consider the wonderful principle of delicacy which appears to pervade the universe of life. We see how from an exceedingly small primordial impulse great and visible results are produced. In the mysterious brain chamber of the solitary student we conceive some obscure transmutation of energy. Light is, however, thrown upon one of the laws of nature; the transcendent power of steam as a motive agent has, let us imagine, been grasped by the human mind. Presently the scene widens, and as we proceed, a solitary engine is seen

to be performing, and in a laborious way converting heat into work; we proceed further and further until the prospect expands into a scene of glorious triumph, and the imperceptible streamlet of thought that rose so obscurely has swelled into a mighty river, on which all the projects of humanity are embarked.

And now a hint to those who are disposed to adopt that theory of life which demands an infinite delicacy of construction.

May it not be possible that in certain states of excitement there is action at a distance? This is a field of inquiry which men of science do not seem disposed to enter, and the consequence is that it appears to be given over to impostors. We need scarcely, after this, inform the reader that we do not believe in so-called spiritual manifestations; nevertheless we ask, does there not appear to be an amount of floating evidence for impressions derived from a distance in a way that we cannot explain? For are not the most curious and inexplicable actions of instinct those in which distance seems to be set at nought? Then, again, if we take the element time, instead of distance:—who has not felt some past scenes perhaps of his early childhood, called up suddenly and vividly before him by some trivial sight, or sound, or smell? May there not, after all, be a deep physical meaning in these words of the poet:—

"Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne,
As from an infinitely distant land
Come airs and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy unto all our day."

Hitherto we have been confining our thoughts to the realms of life, in which the principle of delicacy is sufficiently obvious, but the results of a preceding article will have prepared our readers for a wider application of this principle. It is not only in the organic world that we see a delicacy of construction, but in the inorganic also. Thus it will be

remembered that, in discussing the molecular state of the sun, we came to the conclusion that it was one of great delicacy, so that in our luminary a very small cause might be the parent of enormous effects, of a visible and mechanical nature. And when we came to analyse the behaviour of sun-spots, we found that this behaviour had a manifest relation to the positions of the two planets Venus and Jupiter, although these two planets are never so near the sun as they are to our own Earth. We have also shown that sun-spots or solar disturbances appear to be accompanied by disturbances of the earth's magnetism, and these again by auroral displays. Besides this, we have some reason to suppose a connexion between sun-spots and the meteorology of our globe. From all these circumstances we cannot fail to remark that the different members of our system (and the thought may be extended to other systems) are more closely bound together than has been hitherto supposed. Mutual relations of a mathematical nature we were aware of before, but the connexion seems to be much more intimate than this—they feel, they throb together, they are pervaded by a principle of delicacy even as we are ourselves.

We remark, in conclusion, that something of this kind might be expected if we suppose that a Supreme Intelligence, without interfering with the ordinary laws of matter, pervades the universe, exercising a directive energy capable of comparison with that which is exercised by a living being. In both cases delicacy of construction would appear to be the thing required for an action of this nature.

Bearing in mind, however, our physical standpoint, we cannot venture to offer any further remark on this subject. Whether such a mode of action is a *fact* must be decided by other considerations; whether it would appear to be *physically possible* is a question which we may suppose put to us, and which we have ventured to answer as above.

THE AUTOGRAPH OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

ONE would fain believe that Handel had some presentiment, however vague, of his now universal renown. It is hard to imagine him writing, far in advance of contemporary ideas and resources, with no assurance of a time when men would preserve to his genius—

"a broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song."

Still more difficult is it to suppose that one so gifted and so brave—for Handel was, in his way, a hero—had no greater present reward than the brightness of that Indian summer of success which came to him when in the "sere and yellow leaf." But, however this may have been, it is certain that of one thing recently done in his honour the master never dreamed. Visions of gigantic Festivals were possible (he was once told that his music demanded armies for executants), but a reproduction of his autograph of the "Messiah" by means of sunlight and chemicals could not have entered into his wildest imaginings. Great are the uses of photography. It has long ministered to friendship, furnished the detective with an unerring guide, brought home to us the ends of the earth, and perpetuated the changing glories of the heavens. Now, however, this beneficent invention has assumed an unexpected form of usefulness. It was a happy idea that led the Sacred Harmonic Society to photo-lithograph the manuscript of Handel's greatest work, and the success of their experiment will have interesting and important results. We may now hope to see the scores of all the great masters reproduced in like manner, and the masters themselves brought closer to us than ever before, so close that we can look over them as they write, trace the current of their thoughts, and mark the guise in which their conceptions

first took shape. Let the *fanatico per la musica* rejoice, therefore, at the prospect of being as familiar with the hieroglyphics of Beethoven, and the neatly written characters of Mendelssohn, as with the process—longer and more painful than is commonly believed—by which art perfects the inspirations of genius. Not the least of the many services rendered to music by the Sacred Harmonic Society is this their latest act of homage to Handel.

But this new application of photography can hardly fail to have an interest for the general public. The least curious of men loves to pry into creative processes. Even though he care nothing for what is produced, he is eager to know how it came about. Especially is this the case if the result be a world-famous and imperishable thing. The various stages of conception and execution that led up to the Cartoons of Raphael, the Apollo Belvedere, or "Paradise Lost," would, were they revealed to us, absorb universal attention, just as—to illustrate by a fact—there is nothing better remembered in connexion with Sir Joseph Paxton's glass palace than its first design on blotting paper. The volume under notice, therefore, has an interest for everybody. To a great extent it gratifies that natural and legitimate curiosity which cannot but be felt with regard to one of the finest masterpieces of art.

This "Messiah" score is an oppressively suggestive volume; giving rise to thoughts burdensome from their number and interest, and tantalizing from the difficulty of selecting which first to entertain. Choosing at random, one may begin by speculating as to where, and under what circumstances, Handel got through the work of writing its two hundred and seventy pages in twenty-three days. On these points, unhappily,

history says but little. Still more unhappily, no gossiping diarist like Pepys, or admiring friend like Boswell, atones for the official chronicler's neglect. Hence the question has become a bone of contention, and biographers have worried each other over it with the usual unsatisfactory result. I am not going to discuss the claims of "Mr. Jenning's house at Gopsal" as against those of the metropolis, because, without additional evidence, no amount of discussion could settle the matter. Let me confess, however, to a fondness for believing that the "Messiah" was written in the quiet Leicestershire mansion. One likes to think of Handel, after the cruel struggles and bitter disappointments of his London life, spending the golden days of autumn amid the peace and repose of the country; working uninterruptedly at his great task the while, with all the enthusiasm so happy a change would excite. Under such circumstances, one can half understand the sustained mental and physical elevation which alone rendered his twenty-three days' labour possible. To imagine that, broken in spirit, and worn in body and mind, he wrote the "Messiah" in his London lodging, amid the interruptions and distractions of town, is to accredit him with superhuman power. I prefer to see, in the MS. before me—proof to the contrary being wanting—the result of Handel's *villeggiatura* in that memorable autumn of 1741.

But wherever the manuscript was written, its subsequent history is plain enough. On his deathbed, Handel seems to have had a strong presentiment of future renown, and, under its influence, he determined upon leaving all his manuscripts in charge of the University of Oxford. They had however been promised to his favourite pupil Smith, who refused 3,000*l.* rather than release the dying composer from his bond. Into Smith's hands they accordingly passed; and next into those of George III., thus becoming a heirloom—not the least precious—of the English Crown. If all accounts be true, the lodging of the collection in Buckingham

Palace is as unsafe to the MSS. as it is discreditable to those in whose charge they are placed. Ten years ago an enthusiastic biographer, M. Victor Schœlcher, thus wrote:—"Buried in a sort of private office, and still kept in its poor original binding, it [the collection] is concealed from all the world; and I may say that, if I were the Queen, I should have those precious volumes bound in crimson velvet, mounted with gold, and I should have a beautiful cabinet to hold them, which should be surmounted by Roubilliac's fine bust, and supported by four statues, of white marble, representing Sacred and Profane Music, Moral Courage, and Honesty. This I should place in the throne-room of my palace, proclaiming by this means to every one that it is one of the most invaluable jewels of the English Crown." M. Schœlcher's dream has not yet been even distantly realized. The "sort of private office" was described, the other day, as being over a stable, unguarded, and with its inestimable contents liable to a thousand mischances. Is it too much to hope that her Majesty the Queen, who graciously permitted the Sacred Harmonic Society to photolithograph the "Messiah," will yet more graciously place Handel's eighty-seven volumes in the safe custody of our National Museum?

It is easy to gain some insight into Handel's character from the volume under notice. We may laugh at the ladies and gentlemen who advertise their ability to tell us all about ourselves "on receipt of own handwriting," but they have merely pushed a truth far enough to make it ridiculous. This "Messiah" score is a case in proof. One does not want special powers to describe the kind of man who filled its pages; while the impressions conveyed agree in every instance with the statements of those who had the advantage of Handel's personal acquaintance. The changeable mood of the composer, for example, is accurately reflected in his manuscript. At one time he writes calmly, and with as near an approach to

neatness as he is capable of making. At another, he seems to have a rush of ideas with which his pen cannot keep pace, though it flies over the paper at speed, and by no means stands upon the order of its going. At another, it is plain that he labours hard, grows fiercely impatient of errors, and dashes huge ink-strokes through them, or else smears them with his finger after the fashion subsequently adopted by Mr. Samuel Weller. No equable self-contained musician could have produced the "Messiah" manuscript. It is the work of one quick to feel, and by no means scrupulous about manifesting all he felt. Not less evidently was its author a man of careless habits. Accepting the testimony of this volume, it is impossible to suppose Handel worrying himself over a refractory neckcloth, or severe with his tailor because of an imperfect fit. A more untidy manuscript can hardly be imagined. So few pages are free from blots and smears that one is driven to suppose that the master, in moments of abstraction, scattered ink about. Moreover, the work is as innocent of penknife marks as a banker's ledger. Mistakes, great or small, are either crossed and recrossed, or swallowed up in blackness according to the humour of the moment. Something, too, of his physical personality can be gathered from the writing. It must have been a heavy hand that penned such coarse, rude characters. No quill could account by itself for notes with heads so huge and tails so flaunting. The "Messiah" score, in point of fact, is just what might have been expected from the burly Saxon. It reflects his physique not less faithfully than the splendour of his genius.

Interesting as it is to observe all this, and more that cannot be dwelt upon here, the attraction of the volume lies in the fact that it shows us the "Messiah" as that immortal work first sprang from its composer's brain. Conscious of the importance of his sacred oratorio, Handel expended upon it a good deal of loving care; touching and re-touching so long as anything seemed deficient. By help of

the fac-simile before us, every change thus made can now be noted; we are admitted into the sanctum of the mighty magician, and can learn the processes by which his results were produced. But no sooner is the volume opened than we are astounded at the little alteration Handel thought it necessary to make. Bearing in mind the unexampled rapidity with which the work was thrown off, and the fact that Handel had a habit of writing without pre-arranged ideas, the completeness of his original draft would be incredible but for the testimony of the MS. Nor is our astonishment lessened by the knowledge that Handel, as was his custom, used over again some of his old material. After making full allowance on this head, the work still remains a memorable example of perfection from the birth, and more than anything else deserves to be called the Pallas of music. But while this is true, it is equally so that between the accepted "Messiah" and the first score there are material differences. To the more suggestive of these I may invite attention with confidence.

As far as can be judged by what remains of the Overture, and "Comfort ye" (several pages are here missing from the otherwise unutilized volume), Handel began his work with much ease and fluency. In fact the opening bars of "Thus saith the Lord" supply the first instance in which he is found hesitating. His intention was to set these a *tempo*, and introduce the voice at the end of a short orchestral passage (nearly illegible) in this fashion:—



after which the recitative began as it

now stands. A vigorous penstroke, however, disposed of the matter thus written, and the opening familiar to everybody took its place. The following air, "But who may abide," differs widely as it stands in the MS. from what it afterwards became. In fact, only here and there is a phrase retained; a good deal of the *larghetto* and the whole of the

prestissimo, "For He is like a refiner's fire," being written subsequently. That in this instance Handel's second thoughts were best a comparison between the two versions will suffice to show. But with what vigour he originally set the words just quoted deserves notice. Here are the opening bars:—

For He is like a re - fi - ner's fire - - -

tellest," is in the first *ritornello*, where instead of the violin passage,—



Handel previously wrote this:—



There is no lack of fire in this music, yet the composer did well to replace it by the agitated movement which so strikingly contrasts with the solemn query going before. "And He shall purify the sons of Levi" calls for no remark, being sung now note for note as it stands; and the only point presented by "O thou that

How much the amendment affects all that follows need not be pointed out. The airs, "For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth," and "The people that walked in darkness," together with the chorus "For unto us a Child is born"

(meagrely scored for voices and a quartet of strings), underwent no change. But the same cannot be said of the "*Pifa larghetto e mezzo-piano*" (Handel's own superscription), better known as the "Pastoral Symphony." This originally consisted only of the first strophe; the second (in the dominant key) being an afterthought, written in three lines on a small strip of paper and interleaved. At the outset, therefore, Handel intended

to give merely a snatch of the old Calabrian tune, but upon that idea he improved so much that one wishes he had given it all. The "Nativity music" shows two settings of "And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them," the first being that now used; and the second an *andante* in F major of some length. An extract from the latter will be examined with interest:—

Andante

And lo! The an - gel of the Lord came up - on them, And the glo -
- ry of the Lord shone round a - bout them And they were sore a - afraid sore a - afraid.

Handel appears to have laboured a good deal at this air (instance an entire line crossed out and re-written), but with no satisfactory result, and, in the exercise of that sound judgment which never failed him, he finally rejected it. Passing over "Glory to God," with the solitary observation that here, for the first time, wind instruments (two trumpets) are found in the score, the florid air, "Rejoice greatly," presents itself in the 12-8 measure which Handel afterwards thought fit to discard for 4-4. He made no other change, but this substitution of groups of semi-quavers for quaver triplets was material. That it was an alteration for the better the result of a performance of the original version given once (and only once) in Exeter Hall, may be taken as proof. Of the final air and chorus in the first part there is nothing to be said. As Handel wrote them so they stand, always excepting the indefensible transposition of "He shall feed His flock."

There are two noticeable points in "Behold the Lamb of God." One is that Handel's first impulse was to give the lead to the sopranos (as in the

ritornello he gives it to the first violins), but that, immediately changing his plan, he assigned the post of honour to the altos. The second favours a notion that he abruptly put an end to what was intended to be a longer chorus; for immediately preceding the last phrase comes the following:—

world; Behold, behold, the Lamb of God.

Dashing this out, however, the master took advantage of being in the dominant key to get speedily home, and so have done. The air "He was despised" appears from the MS. to have been a genuine inspiration. Its music flowed from Handel's pen without let or hindrance; not a note suffering change or erasure. Surely it may be said of the story about Handel being found in tears when writing this air, *Se*

non e vero e ben trovato. Anyhow, he was at that instant the medium of a profound pathos, which will go to the hearts of men so long as music shall last. Only one or two important alterations appear in the chorus "Surely He hath borne our griefs," but the close of "And with His stripes" underwent a complete change. Instead of the impressive ending on the dominant that now leads direct to the next chorus, Handel first wrote an ordinary tonic cadence, the weakness of which, when compared with its successor, is sufficiently striking. The only remark to be made about "All we like sheep" is that in point of slovenly penmanship it ranks first; one page in particular—where occurs the *adagio* "And the Lord hath laid on Him"—being little better than a mass of blots. No manuscript could bear stronger testimony to the headlong haste of its writer. Over the recitative "All they that see Him" occurs the first of Handel's directions as to the singers. "Mr. Beard" is the vocalist thus immortalized; while to Signora Avolio is assigned "Thy rebuke," with "Behold and see;" and to Mr. Low, "He was cut off," and "But Thou didst not leave." A good deal of controversy has been excited about the propriety of giving the whole of the "Passion" music to a tenor voice, as is now the custom. It is needless to reopen a discussion practically settled, but here, at all events, is the composer's first intention; an intention not merely disregarded, but till within the last few years absolutely reversed. With respect to the music itself Handel left

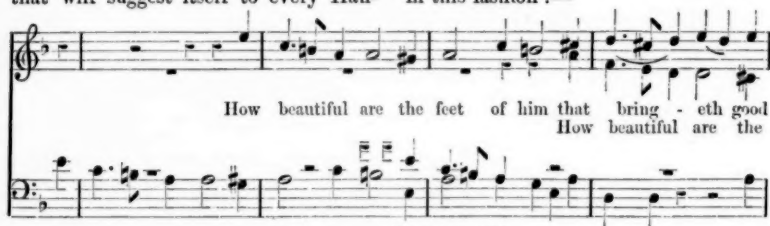
it exactly as it was first written. The original of "Lift up your heads" is in like manner undisturbed, while the amendments in the ingenious chorus, "Let all the angels of God," are none of them important enough to deserve quotation. Hence these numbers may pass without comment, as may, for the same reason, the solo, "Thou art gone up on high." In "Great was the company of the preachers" there is one interesting point to be noticed. It must have occurred to most of those who concern themselves with such matters that, when writing this chorus, Handel had in his mind "He spake the word," from "Israel," composed three years previously. Similarity of text seems to have suggested similarity of treatment, and the inference that the master's thoughts reverted to his former work is well-nigh proved by the fact of his first writing "The Lord *spake* the word" in the "Messiah" score. Discovering the error he marked out "spake," and substituted "gave," but the inadvertence remains a significant testimony.

So far Handel had got through his task unchecked, but in attempting to set "How beautiful are the feet," with its sequel "Their sound is gone out," he found himself in difficulty. Beginning by writing the air as it now stands, the dissatisfied composer afterwards took its theme as the subject of a duet (*andante* in D minor) for alto voices, to which he appended a chorus on the words, "Break forth into joy." The former is brief, and not sufficiently distinctive to call for quotation. The chorus begins thus:—



The Autograph of Handel's "Messiah."

After varying the subject in a manner delian student, the duet theme reappears that will suggest itself to every Han- in this fashion :—

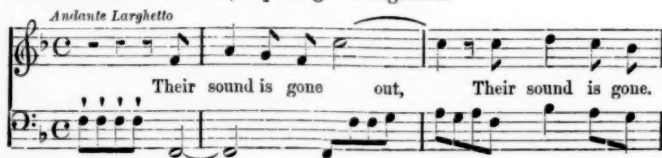


How beautiful. How beautiful are the feet of him of him that bringeth good tidings. How

The leading idea is then resumed, and carried on to the end. How far this setting was an improvement upon the original must be a matter of opinion. For my own part I see no reason to regret Handel's ultimate decision in favour of the air. With "Their sound is gone out," the composer had even greater difficulty. These words appear in the body of the MS. set as a second strophe to "How beautiful are the feet," and ending in D minor, with a *da capo*. The passage is so interesting that I am tempted to give its opening bars :—



In the Appendix, the same verse appears as a solo for "Mr. Beard," opening with a phrase which will at once be recognised.



Eventually Handel discarded Mr. Beard's air also, and wrote the chorus afterwards embodied in the work. It must not be supposed that even these amendments represent the whole of the composer's struggle. In a volume of MS. sketches now at Buckingham Palace, the duet before mentioned is considerably altered, as well as prefaced by part of a Chandos Anthem overture. The same collection is said to contain also an entirely new air in D, for soprano; but, so far as is known, the last was never used in public. Such facts will help to remove a very erroneous impression entertained, not merely with regard to Handel, but all other composers of genius. Great musicians have ever been something more than inspired media, and the greatest musical works bear evidence of painful, persevering labour, which should be recognised as among their strongest claims to admiration.

Nothing in "Why do the nations" calls for remark, except that Handel's first idea was to let the first two bars of the air read thus:—



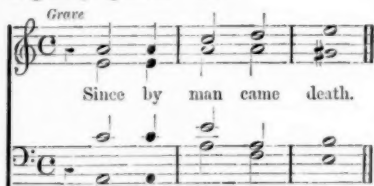
Why do the nations so fu - ri - ous

while in "Let us break their bonds," the only noticeable amendment consists in giving the lead at "And cast away their cords" to the tenors instead of to the basses. "Thou shalt break them" stands just as it was originally written, and so, one or two unimportant points excepted, does the magnificent "Hallelujah" which Handel scored in his first copy for trumpets and drums, as well as for the invariable string quartet. It should be observed, however, that the *pianissimo* delivery of "The kingdom of this world" is unsanctioned by the manuscript. There is no direction whatever appended to the phrase, and hence the German fashion of giving the chorus *forte* throughout is more Handelian than that of the Handelian nation *par excellence*. Not only so, but it is artistically more correct. There is nothing in the words to call for change, and if it be desirable to

produce a special effect upon the passage "The kingdom of our God, and of His Christ," Handel amply secured it by a higher pitch. But in these days, unhappily, there is a rage for new readings, and the "Hallelujah" is by no means the only chorus of Handel with which liberties are taken. The reader's thoughts will revert to "For unto us a Child is born," and the outbursts upon its *tutti* passages. It is true that Handel intended the greatest possible effect for those points, but not at the cost of what precedes and follows. In his score there are no marks appended to the voice parts, and their occurrence in the accompaniment shows that he was content with such results as could be produced by the orchestra alone. This is but one instance out of a thousand that prove an intuitive and delicate perception of his text. He could not have tolerated the whispering, as if in fear and trembling, of the most glorious announcement ever made by joyful lips. It is time all licences for meddling with a great composer's works were withdrawn; or, at all events, that the licences were jealously watched. At present, things are permitted in music which, in any other art, would be indignantly cried down. If any one desires to test this, let him tamper with an Ode of Horace, or a soliloquy of Shakespeare; let him retouch one of Raphael's faces to give it more expression, or for the same purpose lay his chisel upon the Venus de' Medici. Why should not a like veneration be shown to the works of the Horaces, Shakespeares, and Raphaels of music?

The air "I know that my Redeemer liveth" is sung now exactly as first written, and the score shows an almost entire freedom from second thoughts. Not without a special reason, therefore, is the composer represented in Westminster Abbey as receiving his theme from the angels. Like "He was despised," the most pathetic recital of suffering, this song, the most confident expression of hope, appears as a veritable inspiration. In the short quartets and choruses which follow, there are at least two points of interest. One is,

that "Since by man came death" originally opened thus:—



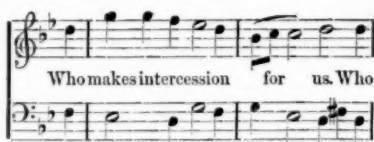
It will be observed that by his amendment Handel avoided ending both phrases of the quartet upon the same chord—E major. The next point is that the words, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," were introduced as an after-thought, the first idea being to repeat "Since by man," &c. Few alterations were required in the music to adapt it to the new verse, and these duly appear in the manuscript.

"The trumpet shall sound" affords a curious example of misplaced accent. Throughout the air, Handel has divided the word "incorruptible" after this fashion:—



The reader does not require to be told that the mistake was subsequently corrected, nor need he be reminded into how few like errors the German composer fell when dealing with our English language. Save this verbal alteration, the air remains precisely as found in the MS. It should be noticed, however, that it is the first instance in the "Messiah" of the second or minor strophe being accompanied only by a figured bass. The duet "O death, where is thy sting?" is sixteen bars shorter as now sung than as originally written, a large portion of the somewhat over-elaborated first subject being cut out.

"Thanks be to God" calls for no remark; but the following air, "If God be for us," presents another example of Handel's happy after-thought. His first impulse was to introduce the words "Who makes intercession for us" upon this phrase:—



His second, however, was to substitute the longer and more melodious passage with which everybody is familiar. In "Worthy is the Lamb" the alterations are too unimportant for citation; but its superb sequel, "Amen," offers two noteworthy features. One of these is in the subject given out by the basses. Had Handel kept to the idea which first came into his mind, we should have lost that grand progress through an entire octave now so striking a feature of the theme. Originally, the second part of the phrase imitated the first in its relative minor key, as thus:



The remaining point is in the final bars, which show the crashing 4-2 chord immediately preceding the *adagio* cadence to be an amendment. Before alteration, the *Adagio* was led up to in this manner:—



As to the value of the changes thus made in the beginning and end of one of the finest choral fugues ever written, there can hardly be a difference of opinion.

Scrawled underneath the blurs and blots made by the eager musician, then exulting in the close of his task, are the words, "*Fine dell' oratorio, G. F. Handel, Settembre 12. Ausgefüllt en 14 diées.*" Who is there that cannot sympathise with this Hercules as he rested from his labours conscious of having produced an imperishable thing?

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS; OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE"

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE KING'S NAME.

"Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die."

"Under King Harry." *King Henry IV.*

"ONE bird in the hand is not always worth two in the bush, assuredly," said Philip, when Berenger was calm enough to hold council on what he called this most blessed discovery; "but where to seek them?"

"I have no fears now," returned Berenger. "We have not been borne through so much not to be brought together at last. Soon, soon shall we have her! A minister so distinguished as Isaac Gardon is sure to be heard of either at La Rochelle, Montauban, or Nîmes, their great gathering places."

"For Rochelle, then?" said Philip.

"Even so. We will be off early to-morrow, and from thence, if we do not find her there, as I expect, we shall be able to write the thrice happy news to those at home."

Accordingly, the little cavalcade started in good time, in the cool of the morning of the bright long day of early June, while apple petals floated down on them in the lanes like snow, and nightingales in every hedge seemed to give voice and tune to Berenger's eager, yearning hopes.

Suddenly there was a sound of horses' feet in the road before them, and as they drew aside to make way, a little troop of gendarmes filled the narrow lane. The officer, a rough, harsh-looking man, laid his hand on Berenger's bridle, with the words, "In the name of the King!"

Philip began to draw his sword with one hand, and with the other to urge his horse between the officer and his brother, but Berenger called out, "Back!

This gentleman mistakes my person. I am the Baron de Ribaumont, and have a safe-conduct from the King."

"What king?" demanded the officer.

"From King Charles."

"I arrest you," said the officer, "in the name of King Henry III. and of the Queen-Regent Catherine."

"The King dead?" exclaimed Berenger.

"On the 30th of May. Now, sir."

"Your warrant—your cause?" still demanded Berenger.

"There will be time enough for that when you are safely lodged," said the captain, roughly pulling at the rein, which he had held all the time.

"What, no warrant?" shouted Philip "he is a mere robber!" and with drawn sword he was precipitating himself on the captain, when another gendarme, who had been on the watch, grappled with him, and dragged him off his horse before he could strike a blow. The other two English, Humfrey Holt and John Smithers, strong, full-grown men, rode in fiercely to the rescue, and Berenger himself struggled furiously to loose himself from the captain, and deliver his brother. Suddenly, there was the report of a pistol: poor Smithers fell, there was a moment of standing aghast, and in that moment the one man and the two youths were each pounced on by three or four gendarmes, thrown down and pinioned.

"Is this usage for gentlemen?" exclaimed Berenger, as he was roughly raised to his feet.

"The King's power has been resisted," was all the answer; and when he would have bent to see how it was with poor Smithers, one of the men at arms kicked over the body with sickening brutality, saying, "Dead enough, heretic and English carrion."

Philip uttered a cry of loathing horror, and turned white; Berenger, above all else, felt a sort of frenzied despair as he thought of the peril of the boy who had been trusted to him.

"Have you had enough, sir?" said the captain. "Mount and come."

They could only let themselves be lifted to their horses, and their hands were then set free to use their bridles, each being guarded by a soldier on each side of him. Philip attempted but once to speak, and that in English, "Next time I shall take my pistol."

He was rudely silenced, and rode on with wide-open stolid eyes and dogged face, stedfastly resolved that no Frenchman should see him flinch, and vexed that Berenger had his riding mask on so that his face could not be studied; while he, on his side, was revolving all causes possible for his arrest, and all means of enforcing the liberation, if not of himself, at least of Philip and Humfrey. He looked round for Guibert, but could not see him.

They rode on through the intricate lanes till the sun was high and scorching, and Berenger felt how far he was from perfect recovery. At last, however, some little time past noon, the gendarmes halted at a stone fountain, outside a village, and disposing a sufficient guard around his captives, the officer permitted them to dismount and rest, while he, with the rest of the troop and the horses, went to the village *cabaret*. Philip would have asked his brother what it meant, and what was to be done, but Berenger shook his head, and intimated that silence was safest at present, since they might be listened to; and Philip, who so much imagined treachery and iniquity to be the order of the day in France, that he was scarcely surprised at the present disaster, resigned himself to the same sullen endurance. Provisions and liquor were presently sent up from the inn, but Berenger could taste nothing but the cold water of the fountain, which trickled out cool and fresh beneath an arch surmounted by a figure of our Lady. He bathed his face and head in the refresh-

ing spring, and lay down on a cloak in the shade, Philip keeping a constant change of drenched kerchiefs on his brow, and hoping that he slept, till at the end of two or three hours the captain returned, gave the word to horse, and the party rode on through intricate lanes, blossoming with hawthorn, and ringing with songs of birds that spoke a very different language now to Berenger's heart from what they had said in the hopeful morning.

A convent bell was ringing to even-song, when passing its gateway; the escort turned up a low hill, on the summit of which stood a chateau, covering a considerable extent of ground, with a circuit of wall, whitewashed so as perfectly to glare in the evening sun; and at every angle a round, slim turret, crowned by a brilliant red-tiled extinguisher-like cap, and the whole surmounted by a tall, old keep in the centre. There was a square projection containing an arched gateway, with heavy doorways, which were thrown open as the party approached. Philip looked up as he rode in, and over the doorway beheld the familiar fretted shield, with the leopard in the corner, and "*A moi Ribaultmont*" round it. Could it then be Berenger's own castle, and was it thus that he was approaching it? He himself had not looked up; he was utterly spent with fatigue, dejection, and the severe headache brought on by the heat of the sun, and was only intent on rallying his powers for the crisis of fate that was probably approaching; and thus scarcely took note of the court into which he rode, lying between the gateway and the *corps de logis*, a building erected when comfort demanded more space than was afforded by the old keep, against which one end leant; but still, though inclosed in a court, the lower windows were small and iron-barred, and all air of luxury was reserved for the mullioned casements of the upper storey. The court was flagged, but grass shot up between the stones, and the trim air of ease and inhabited comfort to which the brothers were used at home was utterly wanting.

Berenger was hustled off his horse, and roughly pushed through a deep porch, where the first thing he heard was the Chevalier de Ribaumont's voice in displeasure.

"How now, sir; hands off! Is this the way you conduct my nephew?"

"He resisted, sir."

"Sir," said Berenger, advancing into the hall, "I know not the meaning of this. I am peacefully travelling with a passport from the King, when I am set upon, no warrant shown me, my faithful servant slain, myself and my brother, an English subject, shamefully handled."

"The violence shall be visited on whatever rascal durst insult a gentleman and my nephew," said the Chevalier. "For release, it shall be looked to; but unfortunately it is too true that there are orders from the Queen in Council for your apprehension, and it was only on my special entreaty for the honour of the family, and the affection I bear you, that I was allowed to receive you here instead of your being sent to an ordinary prison."

"On what pretext?" demanded Berenger.

"It is known that you have letters in your possession from escaped traitors now in England, to La Noue, Duplessis Mornay, and other heretics."

"That is easily explained," said Berenger. "You know well, sir, that they were to facilitate my search at La Sablerie. You shall see them yourself, sir."

"That I must assuredly do," replied the Chevalier, "for it is the order of her Majesty, I regret to say, that your person and baggage be searched;" then, as indignant colour rushed into Berenger's face, and an angry exclamation was beginning, he added, "Nay, I understand, my dear cousin, it is very painful, but we would spare you as much as possible. It will be quite enough if the search be made by myself, in the presence of this gentleman, who will only stand by for form's sake. I have no doubt it will enable us quickly to clear up matters, and set you free again.

Do me the honour to follow me to the chamber destined for you."

"Let me see the order for my arrest," said Berenger, holding his head high.

"The English scruple must be gratified," said the Chevalier. And accordingly the gendarme captain unfolded before him a paper, which was evidently a distinct order to arrest and examine the person of Henri Bérenger Eustache, Baron de Ribaumont and Sieur de Leurre, suspected of treasonable practices—and it bore the signature of Catherine.

"There is nothing here said of my stepfather's son, Philip Thistlewood, nor of my servant, Humfrey Holt," said Berenger, gathering the sense with his dizzy eyes as best he could. "They cannot be detained, being born subjects of the Queen of England."

"They intercepted the justice of the King," said the captain, laying his hand on Philip's shoulder. "I shall have them off with me to the garrison of Luçon, and deal with them there."

"Wait!" said the Chevalier, interposing before Berenger's fierce, horror-struck expostulation could break forth; "this is an honourable young gentleman, son of a chevalier of good reputation in England, and he need not be so harshly dealt with. You will not separate either him or the poor groom from my nephew, so the Queen's authority be now rightly acknowledged."

The captain shrugged his shoulders, as if displeased; and the Chevalier, turning to Berenger, said, "You understand, nephew, the lot of you all depends on your not giving umbrage to these officers of her Majesty. I will do my poor best for you; but submission is first needed."

Berenger knew enough of his native country to be aware that *la justice du Roi* was a terrible thing, and that Philip's resistance had really put him in so much danger that it was needful to be most careful not further to offend the functionary of Government; and abhorrent as the proposed search was to him, he made no further objection, but taking Philip's arm, lest they should

be separated, he prepared to follow wherever he was to be conducted. The Chevalier led the way along a narrow stone passage, with loophole-windows here and there ; and Philip, for all his proud, indifferent bearing, felt his flesh creep as he looked for a stair descending into the bowels of the earth. A stair there was, but it went up instead of down, and after mounting this, and going through a sort of ante-room, a door was opened into a tolerably spacious apartment, evidently in the old keep ; for the two windows on opposite sides were in an immensely massive wall, and the floor above and vaulting below were of stone ; but otherwise there was nothing repulsive in the appearance of the room. There was a wood fire on the hearth ; the sun, setting far to the north, peeped in aslant at one window, a mat was on the floor, tapestry on the lower part of the walls, a table and chairs, and a walnut chest, with a chess-board and a few books on it, were as much furniture as was to be seen in almost any living-room of the day. Humfrey and Guibert, too, were already there, with the small riding valises they and poor Smithers had had in charge. These were at once opened, but contained merely clothes and linen, nothing else that was noticed, except three books, at which the captain looked with a stupid air ; and the Chevalier did not seem capable of discovering more than that all three were Latin—one, he believed, the Bible.

"Yes, sir, the Vulgate—a copy older than the Reformation, so not liable to be called a heretical version," said Berenger, to whom a copy had been given by Lady Walwyn, as more likely to be saved if his baggage were searched. "The other is the Office and Psalter after our English rite ; and this last is not mine, but Mr. Sidney's,—a copy of Virgilius Maro, which he had left behind at Paris."

The Chevalier, not willing to confess that he had taken the English Prayer-book for Latin, hastily said, "Nothing wrong there—no, no, nothing that will hurt the State ; may it only be so with what you carry on your person, fair

cousin. Stand back, gentlemen, this is gear for myself alone. Now, fair nephew," he added, "not a hand shall be laid on you, if you will give me your honourable word, as a nobleman, that you are laying before me all that you carry about you."

An instant's thought convinced Berenger that resistance would save nothing, and merely lead to indignity to himself and danger to Philip ; and therefore he gave the promise to show everything about him, without compulsion. Accordingly, he produced his purse for current expenses, poor King Charles's safe-conduct, and other articles of no consequence, from his pockets ; then reluctantly opened his doublet, and took off the belt containing his store of gold, which had been replenished at Walsingham's. This was greedily eyed by the captain, but the Chevalier at once made it over to Philip's keeping, graciously saying, "We do no more than duty requires ;" but at the same time he made a gesture towards another small purse that hung round Berenger's neck by a black ribbon.

"On my sacred word and honour," said Berenger, "it contains nothing important to any save myself."

"Alas ! my bounden duty," urged the Chevalier.

An angry reply died on Berenger's lip. At the thought of Philip, he opened the purse, and held out the contents on his palm : a tiny gold ring, a tress of black hair, a fragment of carnation-ribbon pricked with pin-holes, a string of small, worthless yellow shells, and, threaded with them, a large pear-shaped pearl of countless price. Even the Chevalier was touched at the sight of this treasury, resting on the blanched palm of the thin, trembling hand, and jealously watched by eyes glistening with sudden moisture, though the lips were firm set. "Alas ! my poor young cousin," he said, "you loved her well."

"Not loved, but love," muttered Berenger to himself, as if having recourse to the only cordial that could support him through the present suffer-

ing, and he was closing his fingers again over his precious hoard, when the Chevalier added, "Stay! nephew—that pearl?"

"Is one of the chaplet; the token she sent to England," he answered.

"*Pauvre petite!* Then, at least a fragment remains of the reward of our ancestor's courage," said the Chevalier.

And Berenger did not feel it needful to yield up that still better possession, stored within his heart, that *la petite* and her pearls were safe together. It was less unendurable to produce the leather case from a secret pocket within his doublet, since, unwilling as he was that any eye should scan the letters it contained, there was nothing in them that could give any clue towards tracing her. Nothing had been written or received since his interview with the children at Luçon. There was, indeed, Eustacie's letter to his mother, a few received at Paris from Lord Walwyn, reluctantly consenting to his journey in quest of his child, his English passport, the unfortunate letters to La Noue; and what evidently startled the Chevalier more than all the rest, the copy of the certificate of the ratification of the marriage; but his consternation was so arranged as to appear to be all on behalf of his young kinsman. "This is serious!" he said, striking his forehead, "you will be accused of forging the late King's name."

"This is but a copy," said Berenger, pointing to the heading; "the original has been sent with our Ambassador's despatches to England."

"It is a pity," said the Chevalier, looking thoroughly vexed, "that you should have brought fresh difficulties on yourself for a mere piece of waste paper, since, as things unhappily stand, there is no living person to be affected by the validity of your marriage. Dear cousin,"—he glanced at the officer and lowered his voice,—“let me tear this paper; it would only do you harm, and the Papal decree annuls it.”

"I have given my word," said Berenger, "that all that could do me harm should be delivered up! Besides," he added, "even had I the feeling for my

own honour and that of my wife and child, living or dead, the harm, it seems to me, would be to those who withhold her lands from me."

"Ah, fair nephew! you have fallen among designing persons who have filled your head with absurd claims; but I will not argue the point now, since it becomes a family, not a State matter. These papers"—and he took them into his hand—"must be examined, and to-morrow Captain Delarue will take them to Paris, with any explanation you may desire to offer. Meantime you and your companions remain my guests, at full liberty, provided you will give me your parole to attempt no escape."

"No, sir," said Berenger, hotly, "we will not become our own jailers, nor acquiesce in this unjust detention. I warn you that I am a naturalized Englishman, acknowledged by the Queen as my grandfather's heir, and the English Ambassador will inform the Court what Queen Elizabeth thinks of such dealings with her subjects."

"Well said," exclaimed Philip, and drawing himself up, he added, "I refuse my parole, and warn you that it is at your peril that you imprison an Englishman."

"Very well, gentlemen," said the Chevalier, "the difference will be that I shall unwillingly be forced to let Captain Delarue post guards at the outlets of this tower. A room beneath is prepared for your grooms, and the court is likewise free to you. I will endeavour to make your detention as little irksome as you will permit, and meantime allow me to show you your sleeping chamber." He then politely, as if he had been ushering a prince to his apartment, led the way, pointing to the door through which they had entered the keep, and saying, "This is the only present communication with the dwelling-house. Two gendarmes will always be on the outside." He conducted the young men up a stone spiral stair to another room, over that which they had already seen, and furnished as fairly as ordinary sleeping chambers were wont to be.

Here, said their compulsory host, he would leave them to prepare for supper, when they would do him the honour to join him in the eating-hall on their summons by the steward.

His departing bow was duly returned by Berenger, but no sooner did his steps die away on the stairs than the young man threw himself down on his bed, in a paroxysm of suffering, both mental and bodily.

"Berry, Berry, what is this ? Speak to me. What does it all mean ?" cried Philip.

"How can I tell?" said Berenger, showing his face for a moment covered with tears ; "only that my only friend is dead, and some villanous trick has seized me, just—just as I might have found her. And I've been the death of my poor groom, and got you into the power of these vile dastards ! Oh, would that I had come alone ! Would that they had had the sense to aim direct !"

"Brother, brother, anything but this!" cried Philip. "The rogues are not worth it. Sir Francis will have us out in no time, or know the reason why. I'd scorn to let them wring a tear from me."

"I hope they never may, dear Phil, nor anything worse."

"Now," continued Philip, "the way will be to go down to supper, since they will have it so, and sit and eat at one's ease as if one cared for them no more than cat and dog. Hark ! there's the steward speaking to Guibert. Come, Berry, wash your face and come."

"I—my head aches far too much, were there nothing else."

"What ! it is nothing but the sun," said Philip. "Put a bold face on it, man, and show them how little you heed."

"How little I heed!" bitterly repeated Berenger, turning his face away, utterly unnerved between disappointment, fatigue, and pain ; and Philip at that moment had little mercy. Dismayed and vaguely terrified, yet too resolute in national pride to betray his own feelings, he gave vent to his vexation by impatience with a temperament more visibly

sensitive than his own : "I never thought you so mere a Frenchman," he said contemptuously. "If you weep and wail so like a sick wench, they will soon have their will of you ! I'd have let them kill me before they searched me."

"'Tis bad enough without this from you, Phil," said Berenger faintly, for he was far too much spent for resentment or self-defence, and had only kept up before the Chevalier by dint of strong effort. Philip was somewhat aghast both at the involuntary gesture of pain, and at finding that there was not even spirit to be angry with him ; but his very dismay served at the moment only to feed his displeasure ; and he tramped off in his heavy boots, which he chose to wear as a proof of disdain for his companions. He explained that M. de Ribaumont was too much fatigued to come to supper, and he was accordingly marched along the corridor with the steward before him bearing a lighted torch, and two gendarmes with halberds behind him. And in his walk he had ample time for, first, the resolution that illness, and not dejection, should have all the credit of Berenger's absence ; then for recollecting of how short standing had been his brother's convalescence ; and lastly, for a fury of self-execration for his own unkindness, rude taunts, and neglect of the recurring illness. He would have turned about and gone back at once, but the two gendarmes were close behind, and he knew Humfrey would attend to his brother ; so he walked on to the hall—a handsome chamber, hung with armour and spoils of hunting, with a few pictures on the panels, and a great carved music-gallery at one end. The table was laid out somewhat luxuriously for four, according to the innovation which was beginning to separate the meals of the *grande*es from those of their household. Great concern was expressed by the Chevalier, as Philip, in French, much improved since the time of his conversation with Madame de Selinville, spoke of his brother's indisposition, saying with emphasis, as

he glared at Captain Delarue, that Maître Paré had forbidden all exposure to mid-day heat, and that all their journeys had been made in morning or evening coolness. "My young friend," as his host called him, "should, he was assured, have mentioned this, since Captain Delarue had no desire but to make his situation as little painful as possible." And the Chevalier sent his steward at once to offer everything the house contained that his prisoner could relish for supper; and then anxiously questioned Philip on his health and diet, obtaining very short and glum answers. The Chevalier and the captain glanced at each other with little shrugs; and Philip, becoming conscious of his shock hair, splashed doublet, and dirty boots, had vague doubt whether his English dignity were not being regarded as English lubberliness; but, of course, he hated the two Frenchmen all the more, and received their civility with greater gruffness. They asked him the present object of the journey—though, probably, the Chevalier knew it before; and he told of the hope that they had of finding the child at Luçon.

"Vain, of course!" said the Chevalier. "Poor infant! It is well for itself, as for the rest of us, that its troubles were ended long ago."

Philip started indignantly.

"Does your brother still nurture any vain hope?" said the Chevalier.

"Not vain, I trust," said Philip.

"Indeed! Who can foolishly have so inspired him with a hope that merely wears out his youth, and leads him into danger?"

Philip held his tongue, resolved to be impenetrable; and he was so far successful, that the Chevalier merely became convinced that the brothers were not simply riding to La Rochelle to embark for England, but had some hope and purpose in view; though as to what that might be, Philip's bluff replies and stubborn silence were baffling.

After the meal, the Chevalier insisted on coming to see how his guest fared;

and Philip could not prevent him. They found Berenger sitting on the side of his bed, having evidently just started up on hearing their approach. Otherwise he did not seem to have moved since Philip left him; he had not attempted to undress; and Humfrey told Philip that not a word had been extracted from him, but commands to let him alone.

However, he had rallied his forces to meet the Chevalier, and answered manfully to his excuses for the broiling ride to which he had been exposed, that it mattered not, the effect would pass, it was a mere chance; and refused all offers of medicaments, potions, and *tisanes*, till his host at length left the room with a most correct exchange of good nights.

"Berry, Berry, what a brute I have been!" cried Philip.

"Foolish lad!" and Berenger half smiled. "Now help me to bed, for the room turns round!"

CHAPTER XXX.

CAGED IN THE BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

"Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be on the sandy plain
Than where castles mounted stand."

King Henry VI.

WHILE Berenger slept a heavy morning's sleep after a restless night, Philip explored the narrow domain above and below. The keep and its little court had evidently been the original castle, built when the oddly-nicknamed Fulkles and Geoffreys of Anjou had been at daggers drawn with the Dukes of Normandy and Brittany; but it had since, like most other such ancient feudal fortresses, become the nucleus of walls and buildings for use, defence, or ornament that lay beneath him like a spider's web, when he had gained the roof of the keep, garnished with pepper-box turrets at each of the four angles. Beyond lay the green copses and orchards of the Bocage, for it was true, as he had at first suspected, that this was the

Château de Nid-de-Merle, and that Berenger was a captive in his wife's own castle.

Chances of escape were the lad's chief thought, but the building on which he stood went sheer down for a considerable way. Then on the north side there came out the sharp, high-pitched, tiled roof of the *corps du logis*; on the south, another roof, surmounted by a cross at the gable, and evidently belonging to the chapel; on the other two sides lay courts—that to the east, a stable-yard; that to the west, a small, narrow, chilly-looking, paved inclosure, with enormously-massive walls, the doorway walled up, and looking like a true prison-yard. Beyond this wall—indeed, on every side—extended offices, servants' houses, stables, untidy, desolate-looking gardens, and the whole was inclosed by the white wall with flanking red-tiled turrets, whose gaudy appearance had last night made Philip regard the whole as a flimsy, Frenchified erection, but he now saw it to be of extremely solid stone and lime, and with no entrance but the great barbican gateway they had entered by; moreover, with a yawning, dry moat all round. Wherever he looked he saw these tall, pointed red caps, resembling, he thought, those worn by the victims of an *auto-da-fé*, as one of Walsingham's secretaries had described them to him; and he ground his teeth at them, as though they grinned at him like emissaries of the Inquisition.

Descending, he found Berenger dressing in haste to avoid receiving an invalid visit from the Chevalier, looking indeed greatly shaken, but hardly so as would have been detected by eyes that had not seen him during his weeks of hope and recovery. He was as resolved as Philip could wish against any sign of weakness before his enemy, and altogether disclaimed illness, refusing the stock of cooling drinks, cordials, and febrifuges, which the Chevalier said had been sent by his sister the Abbess of Belaise. He put the subject of his health aside, only asking if this were the day that the gendarme-captain would return to Paris, and then begging to see that

officer, so as to have a distinct understanding of the grounds of his imprisonment. The captain had, however, been a mere instrument; and when Philip clamoured to be taken before the next justice of the peace, even Berenger smiled at him for thinking that such a being existed in France. The only cause alleged was the vague but dangerous suspicion of conveying correspondence between England and the heretics, and this might become extremely perilous to one undeniably half English, regarded as whole Huguenot, caught on the way to La Rochelle with a letter to La Noue in his pocket; and, moreover, to one who had had a personal affray with a King famous for storing up petty offences, whom the last poor King had favoured, and who, in fine, had claims to estates that could not be spared to the Huguenot interest.

He was really not sure that there was not some truth in the professions of the Chevalier being anxious to protect him from the Queen-mother and the Guises; he had never been able to divest himself of a certain trust in his old kinsman's friendliness, and he was obliged to be beholden to him for the forms in which to couch his defence. At the same time he wrote to Sir Francis Walsingham, and to his grandfather, but with great caution, lest his letters should be inspected by his enemies, and with the less hope of their availing him, because it was probable that the Ambassador would return home on the King's death. No answer could be expected for at least a fortnight, and even then it was possible that the Queen-mother might choose to refer the cause to King Henry, who was then in Poland.

Berenger wrote these letters with much thought and care, but when they were once sealed, he collapsed again into despair and impatience, and frantically paced the little court as if he would dash himself against the walls that detained him from Eustacie; then threw himself moodily into a chair, hid his face in his crossed arms, and fell a prey to all the wretched visions called up by an excited brain.

However, he was equally alive with Philip to the high-spirited resolution that his enemies should not perceive or triumph in his dejection. He showed himself at the noon-day dinner, before Captain Delarue departed, grave and silent, but betraying no agitation; and he roused himself from his sad musings at the supper-hour, to arrange his hair, and assume the ordinary dress of gentlemen in the evening; though Philip laughed at the roses adorning his shoes, and his fresh ruff, as needless attentions to an old ruffian like the Chevalier. However, Philip started when he entered the hall, and beheld, not the Chevalier alone, but with him the beautiful lady of the velvet coach, and another stately, extremely handsome dame, no longer in her first youth, and in costly black and white garments. When the Chevalier called her his sister, Madame de Bellaize, Philip had no notion that she was anything but a widow, living a secular life; and though a couple of nuns attended her, their dress was so much less conventual than Cecily's, that he did not at first find them out. It was explained that Madame de Selinville was residing with her aunt, and that, having come to visit her father, he had detained the ladies to supper, hoping to enliven the sojourn of his *beaux cousins*.

Madame de Selinville, looking anxiously at Berenger, hoped she saw him in better health. He replied, stiffly, that he was perfectly well; and then, by way of safety, repaired to the society of the Abbess, who immediately began plying him with questions about England, its Court, and especially the secret marriage of Queen Elizabeth and "*ce Comte de Dudley*," on which she was so minutely informed as to put him to the blush. Then she was very curious about the dispersed convents, and how many of the nuns had married; and she seemed altogether delighted to have secured the attention of a youth from the outer world. His soul at first recoiled from her as one of Eustacie's oppressors, and from her unconvient-like talk; and yet he could not but think

her a good-natured person, and wonder if she could really have been hard upon his poor little wife. And she, who had told Eustacie she would strangle with her own hands the scion of the rival house!—she, like most women, was much more bitter against an unseen being out of reach, than towards a courteously-mannered, pale, suffering-looking youth close beside her. She had enough affection for Eustacie to have grieved much at her wanderings, and at her fate; and now the sorrow-stricken look that by no effort could be concealed, really moved her towards the young bereaved husband. Besides, were not all feuds on the point of being made up by the excellent device concocted between her brother and her niece?

Meantime, Philip was in raptures with the kindness of the beautiful Madame de Selinville. He, whom the Mistresses Walsingham treated as a mere clumsy boy, was promoted by her manner to be a man and a cavalier. He blushed up to the roots of his hair and looked sheepish whenever one of her entrancing smiles lit upon him; but then she inquired after his brother so cordially, she told him so openly how brilliant had been Berenger's career at the Court, she regretted so heartily their present danger and detention, and promised so warmly to use her interest with Queen Catherine, that in the delight of being so talked to, he forgot his awkwardness, and freely and confidentially, may be too confidentially, for he caught Berenger frowning at him, and made a sudden halt in his narrative, disconcerted but very angry with his brother for his distrust.

When the ladies had ridden away to the convent in the summer evening, and the two brothers had returned to their prison, Philip would have begun to rave about Madame de Selinville, but his mouth was stopped at once with, "Don't be such a fool, Phil!" and when Berenger shut his eyes, leant back and folded his arms together, there was no more use in talking to him.

This exceeding dejection continued for a day or two, while Berenger's whole spirit chafed in agony at his helplessness,

and like demons there ever haunted him the thoughts of what might betide Eustacie, young, fair, forsaken, and believing herself a widow. Proudly defiant as he showed himself to all eyes beyond his tower, he seemed to be fast gnawing and pining himself away in the anguish he suffered through these long days of captivity.

Perhaps it was Philip's excitement about any chance of meeting Madame de Selinville, that first roused him from the contemplation of his own misery. It struck him that if he did not rouse himself to exert his influence, the boy, left to no companionship save what he could make for himself, might be led away by intercourse with the gendarmes, or by the blandishments of Diane, whatever might be her game. He must be watched over, and returned to Sir Marmaduke the same true-hearted honest lad who had left home. Nor had Berenger lain so long under Cecily St. John's tender watching without bearing away some notes of patience, trust, and dutifulness that returned upon him as his mind recovered tone after the first shock. The whispers that had bidden him tarry the Lord's leisure, be strong, and commit his way to Him who could bring it to pass, and could save Eustacie as she had already been saved, returned to him once more: he chid himself for his faintness of heart, rallied his powers, and determined that cheerfulness, dutifulness and care for Philip should no longer fail.

So he reviewed his resources, and in the first place arranged for a brief daily worship with his two English fellow-prisoners, corresponding to the home hours of chapel service. Then he proposed to Philip to spend an hour every day over the study of the Latin Bible; and when Philip showed himself reluctant to give up his habit of staring over the battlements, he represented that an attack on their faith was not so improbable but that they ought to be prepared for it.

"I'm quite prepared," quoth Philip; "I shall not listen to a word they say."

However, he submitted to this, but

was far more contumacious as to Berenger's other proposal of profiting by Sidney's copy of Virgil. Here at least he was away from Mr. Adderley and study, and it passed endurance to have Latin and captivity both at once. He was more obliged for Berenger's offer to impart to him the instruction in fencing he had received during his first visit to Paris; the Chevalier made no difficulty about lending them foils, and their little court became the scene of numerous encounters, as well as of other games and exercises. More sedentary sports were at their service, chess, tables, dice, or cards, but Philip detested these, and they were only played in the evening, or on a rainy afternoon, by Berenger and the Chevalier.

It was clearly no part of the old gentleman's plan to break their health or spirits. He insisted on taking them out riding frequently, though always with four gendarmes with loaded arquebuses, so as to preclude all attempt at escape, or conversation with the peasants. The rides were hateful to both youths, but Berenger knew that so many hours of tedium were thus disposed of, and hoped also to acquire some knowledge of the country; indeed, he looked at every cottage and every peasant with affectionate eyes, as probably having sheltered Eustacie; and Philip, after one visit paid to the convent at Bellaïse, was always in hopes of making such another. His boyish admiration of Madame de Selinville was his chief distraction, coming on in accessions whenever there was a hope of seeing her, and often diverting Berenger by its absurdities, even though at other times he feared that the lad might be led away by it, or dissension sown between them. Meetings were rare—now and then Madame de Selinville would appear at dinner or at supper as her father's guest; and more rarely, the Chevalier would turn his horse's head in the direction of Bellaïse, and the three gentlemen would be received in the unpartitioned parlour, and there treated to such lemon cakes as had been the ruin of La Sablerie; but in general the

castle and the convent had little intercourse, or only just enough to whet the appetite of the prisoners for what constituted their only variety.

Six weeks had lagged by before any answer from Paris was received, and then there was no reply from Walsingham, who had, it appeared, returned home immediately after King Charles's funeral. The letter from the Council bore that the Queen-mother was ready to accept the Baron de Ribaumont's excuses in good part, and to consider his youth; and she had no doubt of his being treated with the like indulgence by the King, provided he would prove himself a loyal subject, by embracing the Catholic faith, renouncing all his illegitimate claims to the estates of Nid-de-Merle, and, in pledge of his sincerity, wedding his cousin, the Countess de Selinville, so soon as a dispensation should have been procured. On no other consideration could he be pardoned or set at liberty.

"Then," said Berenger slowly, "a prisoner I must remain until it be the will of Heaven to open the doors."

"Fair nephew!" exclaimed the Chevalier, "make no rash replies. Bethink you to what you expose yourself by obstinacy. I may no longer be able to protect you when the King returns." And he further went on to represent that, by renouncing voluntarily all possible claims on the Nid-de-Merle estates, the Baron would save the honour of poor Eustacie (which indeed equally concerned the rest of the family), since they then would gladly drop all dispute of the validity of the marriage; and the lands of Selinville would be an ample equivalent for these, as well as for all expectations in England.

"Sir, it is impossible!" said Berenger, "My wife lives."

"Comment? when you wear mourning for her."

"I wear black because I have been able to procure nothing else since I have been convinced that she did not perish at La Sablerie. I was on my way to seek her when I was seized and detained here."

"Where would you have sought her, my poor cousin?" compassionately asked the Chevalier.

"That I know not. She may be in England by this time; but that she escaped from La Sablerie, I am well assured."

"Alas! my poor friend, you feed on a delusion. I have surer evidence—you shall see the man yourself—one of my son's people, who was actually at the assault, and had strict orders to seek and save her. Would that I could feel the least hope left!"

"Is the man here? Let me see him," said Berenger, hastily.

He was at once sent for, and proved to be one of the stable servants, a rough soldierly-looking man, who made no difficulty in telling that M. de Nid-de-Merle had bidden his own troop to use every effort to reach the widow Laurent's house, and secure the lady. They had made for it, but missed the way, and met with various obstacles; and when they reached it, it was already in flames, and he had seen for a moment Mademoiselle de Nid-de-Merle, whom he well knew by sight, with an infant in her arms at an upper window. He had called to her by name, and was about to send for a ladder, when recognising the Ribaumont colours, she had turned back, and thrown herself and her child into the flames. M. de Nid-de-Merle was frantic when he heard of it, and they had searched for the remains among the ruins; but, bah! it was like a lime-kiln, nothing was to be found—all was calcined.

"No fragment left?" said Berenger; "not a corner of tile or beam?"

"Not so much wood as you could boil an egg with; I will swear it on the Mass."

"That is needless," said Berenger. "I have seen the spot myself. That is all I desired to ask."

The Chevalier would have taken his hand and condoled with him over the horrible story; but he drew back, repeating that he had seen Widow Laurent's house, and that he saw that some parts of the man's story were so

much falsified that he could not believe the rest. Moreover, he knew that Eustacie had not been in the town at the time of the siege.

Now the Chevalier *bonâ fide* believed the man's story, so far as that he never doubted that Eustacie had perished, and he looked on Berenger's refusal to accept the tale as the mournful last clinging to a vain hope. In his eyes, the actual sight of Eustacie, and the total destruction of the house, were mere matters of embellishment, possibly untrue, but not invalidating the main fact. He only said, "Well, my friend, I will not press you while the pain of this narration is still fresh."

"Thank you, sir ; but this is not pain, for I believe not a word of it ; therefore it is impossible for me to entertain the proposal, even if I could forsake my faith or my English kindred. You remember, sir, that I returned this same answer at Paris, when I had no hope that my wife survived."

"True, my fair cousin, but I fear time will convince you that this constancy is unhappily misplaced. You shall have time to consider ; and when it is proved to you that my poor niece is out of the reach of your fidelity, and when you have become better acquainted with the claims of the Church to your allegiance, then may it only prove that your conversion does not come too late. I have the honour to take my leave."

"One moment more, sir. Is there no answer as to my brother ?"

"None, cousin. As I told you, your country has at present no ambassador ; but, of course, on your fulfilment of the conditions, he would be released with you."

"So," said Philip, when the old knight had quitted the room, "of course you cannot marry while Eustacie lives ; but if——"

"Not another word, profane boy !" angrily cried Berenger.

"I was only going to say, it is a pity of one so goodly not to bring her over to the true faith, and take her to England."

"Much would she be beholden to

you !" said Berenger. "So !" he added, sighing, "I had little hope but that it would be thus. I believe it is all a web of this old plotter's weaving, and that the Queen-mother acts in it at his request. He wants only to buy me off with his daughter's estates from asserting my claim to this castle and lands ; and I trow he will never rise up here till—till——"

"Till when, Berry ?"

"Till mayhap my grandfather can move the Queen to do something for us ; or till Madame de Selinville sees a face she likes better than her brother's carving ; or, what can I tell ? till malice is tired out, and Heaven's will sets us free ! May Eustacie only have reached home ! But I'm sorry for you, my poor Phil."

"Never heed, brother," said Philip ; "what is prison to me, so that I can now and then see those lovely eyes ?"

And the languishing air of the clumsy lad was so comical as to beguile Berenger into a laugh. Yet Berenger's own feeling would go back to his first meeting with Diane ; and as he thought of the eyes then fixed on him, he felt that he was under a trial that might become more severe.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DARK POOL OF THE FUTURE.

"Triumph, triumph, only she
That knit his bonds can set him free."

SOUTHEY.

No change was made in the life of the captives of Nid-de-Merle after the answer from Paris, except that Père Bonami, who had already once or twice dined at the Chevalier's table, was requested to make formal exposition of the errors of the Reformers and of the tenets of his own Church to the Baron de Ribamont.

Philip took such good care not to be deluded that, though he sat by to see fair play, yet it was always with his elbows on the table and his fingers in his ears, regardless of appearing to the priest in the character of the deaf adder.

After all, he was not the object, and good Père Bonami at first thought the day his own, when he found that almost all his arguments against Calvinism were equally impressed upon Berenger's mind, but the differences soon revealed themselves; and the priest, though a good man, was not a very happily-chosen champion, for he was one of the old-fashioned, scantily-instructed country-priests, who were more numerous before the Jesuit revival of learning, and knew nothing of controversy save that adapted to the doctrines of Calvin; so that in dealing with an Anglican of the school of Ridley and Hooker, it was like bow and arrow against sword. And in those days of change, controversial reading was one of the primary studies even of young laymen, and Lord Walwyn, with a view to his grandson's peculiar position, had taken care that he should be well instructed, so that he was not at all unequal to the contest. Moreover, apart from argument, he clung as a point of honour to the Church as to the wife that he had accepted in his childhood; and often tried to recall the sketch that Philip Sidney had once given him of a tale that a friend of his designed to turn into a poem, like Ariosto's, in *terza rima*, of a Red Cross knight separated from his Una as the true faith, and tempted by a treacherous Duessa, who impersonated at once falsehood and Rome. And he knew so well that the least relaxation of his almost terrified resistance would make him so entirely succumb to Diane's beauty and brilliancy, that he kept himself stiffly frigid and reserved.

Diane never openly alluded to the terms on which he stood, but he often found gifts from unknown hands placed in his room. The books which he had found there were changed when he had had time to study them; and marks were placed in some of the most striking passages. They were of the class that turned the brain of the Knight of La Mancha, but with a predominance of the pastoral, such as the Diana of George of Montemayor and his numerous imitators—which Philip thought horrible

stuff—enduring nothing but a few of the combats of Amadis de Gaul or Palmerin of England, until he found that Madame de Selinville prodigiously admired the "silly swains more silly than their sheep," and was very anxious that M. le Baron should be touched by their beauties; whereupon honest Philip made desperate efforts to swallow them in his brother's stead, but was always found fast asleep in the very middle of arguments between Damon and Thyrsis upon the *devoirs* of love, or the mournings of some disconsolate nymph over her jealousies of a favoured rival.

One day, a beautiful ivory box, exhaling sweet perfume, appeared in the prison chamber, and therewith a sealed letter in verse, containing an affecting description of how Corydon had been cruelly torn by the lions in endeavouring to bear away Sylvie from her cavern, how Sylvie had been rent from him and lost, and how vainly he continued to bewail her, and disregard the loving lament of Daphné, who had ever mourned and pined for him as she kept her flock, made the rivulets, the brooks, the mountains re-echo with her sighs and complaints, and had wandered through the hills and valleys, gathering simples wherewith she had compounded a balsam that might do away with the scars that the claws of the lions had left, so that he might again appear with the glowing cheeks and radiant locks that had excited the envy of the god of day.

Berenger burst out laughing over the practical part of this poetical performance, and laughed the more at Philip's hurt, injured air at his mirth. Philip, who would have been the first to see the absurdity in any other Daphné, thought this a passing pleasant device, and considered it very unkind in his brother not even to make experiment of the balsam of simples, but to declare that he had much rather keep his scars for Eustacie's sake than wear a smooth face to please Diane.

Still Berenger's natural courtesy stood in his way. He could not help being respectful and attentive to the old Chevalier, when their terms were, ap-

parently at least, those of host and guest; and to a lady he *could* not be rude and repellent, though he could be reserved. So, when the kinsfolk met, no stranger would have discovered that one was a prisoner and the others his captors.

One August day, when Madame de Selinville and her lady attendants were supping at the castle at the early hour of six, a servant brought in word that an Italian pedlar craved leave to display his wares. He was welcome, both for need's sake and for amusement, and was readily admitted. He was a handsome olive-faced Italian, and was followed by a little boy with a skin of almost Moorish dye—and great was the display at once made on the tables, of

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as fragrant posies,
Masks for faces and for noses;"

and there was a good deal of the eager, desultory bargaining that naturally took place where purchasing was an unusual excitement and novelty, and was to form a whole evening's amusement. Berenger, while supplying the defects of his scanty travelling wardrobe, was trying to make out whether he had seen the man before, wondering if he were the same whom he had met in the forest of Montpipeau, though a few differences in dress, hair, and beard made him somewhat doubtful.

"Perfumes? Yes, lady, I have store of perfumes: ambergris and violet dew, and the Turkish essence distilled from roses; yea, and the finest spirit of the Venus myrtle-tree, the secret known to the Roman dames of old, whereby they secured perpetual beauty and love—though truly Madame should need no such essence. That which nature has bestowed on her secures to her all hearts—and one valued more than all."

"Enough," said Diane, blushing somewhat, though with an effort at laughing off his words, "these are the tricks of your trade."

"Madame is incredulous; yet, Lady, I have been in the East. Yonder boy comes from the land where there are

spells that make known the secrets of lives."

The old Chevalier, who had hitherto been taken up with the abstruse calculation—derived from his past days of economy—how much ribbon would be needed to retrim his murrey *just-au-corps*, here began to lend an ear, though saying nothing. Philip looked on in open-eyed wonder, and nudged his brother, who muttered in return, "Juglery!"

"Ah, the fair company are all slow to believe," said the pedlar. "Hola, Alessio!" and taking a glove that Philip had left on the table, he held it to the boy. A few unintelligible words passed between them; then the boy pointed direct to Philip, and waved his hand northwards. "He says the gentleman who owns this glove comes from the North, from far away," interpreted the Italian; then as the boy made the gesture of walking in chains, "that he is a captive."

"Ay," cried Philip, "right, lad; and can he tell how long I shall be so?"

"Things yet to come," said the mountebank, "are only revealed after long preparation. For them must he gaze into the dark pool of the future. The present and the past he can divine by the mere touch of what has belonged to the person."

"It is passing strange," said Philip to Madame de Selinville. "You credit it, Madame?"

"Ah, have we not seen the wonders come to pass that a like diviner foretold to the Queen-mother," said Diane: "her sons should be all kings—that was told to her when the eldest was yet Dauphin."

"And there is only one yet to come," said Philip, awe-struck. "But see, what has he now?"

"Véronique's kerchief," returned Madame de Selinville, as the Italian began to interpret the boy's gesture.

"Pretty maidens, he says, serve fair ladies—bear tokens for them. This damsel has once been the bearer of a bouquet of heather of the pink and white, whose bells were to ring hope."

"Eh, eh, Madame, it is true!" cried Véronique, crimson with surprise and alarm. "M. le Baron knows it is true."

Berenger had started at this revelation, and uttered an inarticulate exclamation; but at that moment the boy, in whose hand his master had placed a crown from the money newly paid, began to make vehement gestures, which the man interpreted. "*Le Balafre*, he says, pardon me, gentlemen, *le Balafre* could reveal even a deeper scar of the heart than of the visage"—and truly the boy's brown hand was pressed on his heart—"yet truly there is yet hope (*espérance*) to be found. Yes"—as the boy put his hand to his neck—"he bears a pearl, parted from its sister pearls. Where they are, there is hope. Who can miss Hope, who has sought it at a royal death-bed?"

"Ah, where is it?" Berenger could not help exclaiming.

"Sir," said the pedlar, "as I told Messieurs and Mesdames before, the spirits that cast the lights of the future on the dark pool need invocation. Ere he can answer M. le Baron's demands, he and I must have time and seclusion. If Monsieur le Chevalier will grant us an empty room, there will we answer all queries on which the spirits will throw light."

"And how am I to know that you will not bring the devil to shatter the castle, my friend?" demanded the Chevalier. "Or, more likely still, that you are not laughing all the time at these credulous boys and ladies?"

"Of that, sir, you may here convince yourself," said the mountebank, putting into his hand a sort of credential in Italian, signed by Renato di Milano, the Queen's perfumer, testifying to the skill of his compatriot Ercole Stizzito both in perfumery, cosmetics, and in the secrets of occult sciences.

The Chevalier was no Italian scholar, and his daughter interpreted the scroll to him, in a rapid low voice, adding, "I have had many dealings with René of Milan, father. I know he speaks sooth. There can be no harm in letting

the poor man play out his play—all the castle servants will be frantic to have their fortunes told."

"I must speak with the fellow first, daughter," said the Chevalier. "He must satisfy me that he has no unlawful dealings that could bring the Church down on us." And he looked meaningly at the mountebank, who replied by a whole muster-roll of ecclesiastics, male and female, who had heard and approved his predictions.

"A few more words with thee, fellow," said the Chevalier, pointing the way to one of the rooms opening out of the hall. "As master of the house I must be convinced of his honesty," he added. "If I am satisfied, then who will may seek to hear their fortune."

Chevalier, man and boy disappeared, and Philip was the first to exclaim, "A strange fellow! What will he tell us? Madame, shall you hear him?"

"That depends on my father's report," she said. "And yet," sadly and pensively, "my future is dark and void enough. Why should I vex myself with hearing it?"

"Nay, it may brighten," said Philip.

"Scarcely, while hearts are hard," she murmured with a slight shake of the head, that Philip thought indescribably touching; but Berenger was gathering his purchases together, and did not see. "And you, brother," said Philip, "you mean to prove him?"

"No," said Berenger. "Have you forgotten, Phil, the anger we met with, when we dealt with the gipsy at Hurst Fair?"

"Pshaw, Berry, we are past flogging now."

"Out of reach, Phil, of the rod, but scarce of the teaching it struck into us."

"What?" said Philip sulkily.

"That divining is either cozening man or forsaking God, Phil. Either it is falsehood, or it is a lying wonder of the devil."

"But, Berry, this man is no cheat."

"Then he is worse."

"Only, turn not away, brother. How should he have known things that even I know not?—the heather."

"No marvel in that," said Berenger. "This is the very man I bought Annora's fan from; he was prowling round Montpipeau, and my heather was given to Véronique with little secrecy. And as to the royal deathbed, it was René, his master, who met me there."

"Then, you think it mere cozening? If so, we should find it out."

"I don't reckon myself keener than an accomplished Italian mouffitebank," said Berenger, drily.

Further conference was cut short by the return of the Chevalier, saying, in his paternal genial way, "Well, children, I have examined the fellow and his credentials, and for those who have enough youth and hope to care to have the future made known to them, bah! it is well!"

"Is it sorcery, sir?" asked Philip, anxiously.

The Chevalier shrugged his shoulders. "What know I," he said, "for those who have a fine nose for brimstone there may be, but he assures me it is but the white magic practised in Egypt, and the boy is Christian!"

"Did you try his secrets, father?" inquired Madame de Selinville.

"I, my daughter? An old man's fortune is in his children. What have I to ask?"

"I—I scarcely like to be the first!" said the lady, eager, but hesitating. "Véronique, you would have your fortune told?"

"I will be the first," said Philip, stepping forward manfully. "I will prove him for you, lady, and tell you whether he be a cozenor or not; or if his magic be fit for you to deal with."

And confident in the inherent intuition of a plain Englishman, as well as satisfied to exercise his resolution for once in opposition to Berenger's opinion, Master Thistlewood stepped towards the closet where the Italian awaited his clients, and Berenger knew that it would be worse than useless to endeavour to withhold him. He only chafed at the smile which passed between father and daughter at this doughty self-assertion.

To be continued.

THE QUARRELS OF FRIENDS.

AMONG the numerous points in which human life is said to resemble a battle, we do not think that the analogy between the confidence of one friend in another, and that of each private soldier in his neighbour, has received quite sufficient attention. Every man in a regiment knows perfectly well that, come what may, his next rank man is trained to stand by him: that the habit of doing so has become too mechanical for almost any peril to disturb. And it is of course this feeling which alone enables small bodies of disciplined men to perform the exploits which they do. In fighting the battle of life such support is scarcely less valuable. Ordinary friends, whose good opinion we prize, and whose society we should be sorry to forfeit, are no doubt useful auxiliaries in keeping a man up to his work. But occasions will arise in every man's life when something more than this becomes necessary: when the opinion of the world and his own self-respect seem worthless to him in comparison with the attainment of some darling object or the indulgence of some absorbing passion. Then it is that, unless he be of heroic mould (and I am writing only for ordinary men), all those artificial supports of morality and dignity which society has laboriously built up fall away at once before the supremacy of nature; and leave him, without assistance, to the tyranny of his own will. In such circumstances as these a man's truest and perhaps only safety is to be found in the consciousness that he has friends on each side of him who will, if necessary, fairly see him through the trial, and will not flinch from his side though his demands upon their sympathy be ever so protracted and incessant. Such friends as these it is given to few men to possess; and that is all the more reason why those who possess them should be very careful

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not to lose them. But there seems no natural impediment in the formation of such intimacies; and their scarcity is, in our opinion, rather due to a certain carelessness, or sometimes want of tact, among men, than to any want of goodness of heart. This carelessness and want of tact, however, as they are shown in little things, are seldom handled by the moralist; nor, indeed, are they capable of being treated with much literary dignity. I am afraid, as it is, my descent into the next paragraph will be of the suddenest. But no one can deny the universal interest of the subject-matter introduced in it.

One of the commonest—though not, I think, one of the most powerful—causes which either dissolve friendship or prevent its attaining that maturity which is necessary to its highest usefulness, arises, as my readers will anticipate me in saying, from the lending and borrowing of money. Men's ideas upon this subject are exceedingly indistinct. "I am going to ask you a favour," says A to B; "I want you to lend me ten pounds," or fifty, or a hundred, according to the position of the speakers. Now, if both A and B know that the money is sure to be repaid at the time promised, the loan is not a favour at all. If, on the other hand, it is not sure to be repaid at the time specified, it practically, in the case of small sums, ceases to be a loan; it is a gift. For the difference between five pounds repaid a year after it was promised and not repaid at all is, as far as the donor's convenience is involved, nothing. Both these points are commonly overlooked by those whom they respectively concern. The lender fancies he is doing you a great favour if he only allows you the use of a sum of money during a period when he would not be using it himself, being at the same time certain of having it in his hands again as soon as he

requires it for use. The borrower imagines that the simple restoration of the money is an effectual repayment of the loan, regardless how much of your convenience and your patience he may have borrowed in addition, by deferring the day of restitution. Thus both are in error: the one fancies that lending is always a favour; the other, that repayment is always satisfaction. The one overrates the value of the obligation under which he lays you, if the loan is punctually repaid; the other underrates the amount of the favour he has received from you, if it is not. Loans which do not inconvenience the lender at the moment are only favours according to the strength of the suspicion in the lender's mind that they will not be punctually repaid. And if men would only be open with each other, he never need suspect this twice. If the lender would have the moral courage to exact a positive statement, upon honour, from his impecunious friend, of his prospects of receiving cash, he need not lend the money under any misapprehension. And, of course, if he ever found out a man in giving him a false statement, he would never lend him money again. But the majority of men are deceived with their eyes open, and yet are as angry as if they had been really taken in. Your friend rushes into your room in a great hurry, and declares he wants five pounds, for a very particular purpose, till next Tuesday. You lend it him. You feel nearly sure in your own mind that he will not repay you the money on that day, but you do not refuse him; and then, when the day comes round, and you hear and see nothing of your friend, you are as angry as if he had really imposed upon you. This, of course, does not justify your friend: he is as much to blame as ever. But it shows that you would have acted more wisely, as well as more kindly, in forcing him to the statement we have suggested.

Among the petty sources of difference which impair friendship I know none that is more powerful than the betrayal of small confidences. A breach of punctuality in the repayment of a debt is

excusable: that is to say, any man may easily find excuses for it; and, what is more, it is wholly free from any tinge of personal slight. A man who does not repay you a sum of money may be supposed, unless he is a recognised rogue, to believe that you do not want it; and, however much of inconvenience to yourself may result from that belief, there is at least nothing humiliating or insulting in it. But the other cause of offence implies that you and your secrets are not of sufficient importance to be allowed for one moment to stand between a man and his joke, or even his insatiable love of hearing his own voice. And let no one suppose that this particular defect is not to be found in men of whom it is desirable to make friends. The commission of this error is not always the offspring of a desire to tell a good story, or to redeem oneself from the imputation of dullness or taciturnity. Whenever it is so, then we grant that it testifies to that feeble kind of vanity in the perpetrator which must for ever incapacitate a man for the highest duties of friendship. But oftener the fault is committed from that mixture of selfishness and thoughtlessness which we have no one word to adequately express. This source of its commission is more observable as men grow older, and, without exactly becoming more selfish, become more self-engrossed, and disposed at the same time to attach less and less importance to anything that happens in life. You go to Thompson, and confide to his faithful bosom some matters that affect yourself very deeply. He swears, of course, eternal secrecy, and means it. But as soon as you are gone the waves of his daily business flow over the impression you have created, and wash them down to the level of the other deposits which a succession of confidences has left behind. There are men, of course, and we hope and believe not a few, who preserve through all the wear and tear and chilling influences of life's daily struggle, the same freshness of feeling and power of sympathy with which they started in

the world. But such men are rare ; and we cannot complain because A, B, and C, do not happen to belong to them. But A, B, and C, might do a great deal to diminish the force of the evil, if they would only remember that the obligation to secrecy in such cases is not to be measured by their own sense of the importance of the secret, but by his who told it ; while the teller would also be doing his part by being careful not to destroy the value of the compliment which his communication involves, by saying the same thing to half a score people at once. If you go to Brown, and assure him that only one other man besides himself has been thought worthy the honour of your confidence, and beg him, on your knees, not to divulge it to a single human being, what do you suppose will be his feelings when he finds that Jones and Robinson—men not half as intimate with you as he is—know the whole business already ? Having been promoted to a position of confidence without any application for it, he finds himself reduced to the ranks without having done anything to deserve it. The inevitable impression on his mind is, that you have been trying to conciliate him under false pretences, and been making a display of partiality which you did not really entertain. Few things annoy a man of sensitive character so much as this kind of treatment, and it has probably nipped in the bud more growing friendships, or kept them in a state of fixed crudity, than any other given cause. There is another thing also which many men resent very warmly, though I do not think it equally worthy of resentment, and that is the omission to tell them things which they believe themselves entitled to be told. But this feeling, though perhaps it may betray some littleness of mind upon the one side, is indicative of that degree of indifference upon the other which leaves the two men quits, to say the least of it. If Mr. Briefless quarrel with Mr. Feeless because the latter did not tell him, or did not tell him first, that he had got a client ; or Captain Cockspur with Lieu-

tenant Larkspur, because the latter told Ensign Hotspur instead of himself about that affair with the pastrycook ; it is not magnanimous conduct on the part of Cockspur and Briefless, certainly, but neither is it a symptom of friendship on the part of Larkspur and Feeless. When men have been accustomed to hunt in couples, whether for purposes of business or pleasure, it is galling for either one to find out that his colleague, after all, sets very little store upon the partnership. It is foolish to betray this feeling to the world : foolish perhaps even to entertain it. But no man who does not experience it in some degree can have proposed to himself any adequate ideal of friendship. Friendship, of course, is exacting in proportion as it resembles love. And as with many men it has to act all their lives as a substitute for the latter passion, persons of warm affections may be forgiven if they now and then betray the weakness of a lover in resenting the imperfection of a friend.

There are, we should remember, two kinds of selfishness in the world, which, though generally, are not always found together ; one consisting in thinking too much about ourselves, and one in thinking too little about other people. The baser and, let us hope, the rarer kind of selfishness is unquestionably that which, adopting the gratification of self as the primary end of life, carefully studies other people for the purpose of making them its tools. But this is certainly not the most vexatious form of selfishness ; that, namely, which prevents a man from taking the trouble of studying other people at all, whether for their sake or his own. The ease of the moment is with such a man the end of life. To this he will sacrifice all that to other people makes life valuable, as a confirmed drunkard will to liquor. How many chances of distinction have been allowed to ebb away ! How much happiness has been wrecked ! How many friendships have been broken by indulgence in the fatal habit ! Patron from client—wife from husband—school-friend from school-friend— are

more or less thoroughly estranged by it. The patron grows tired of indifference—the wife is frozen by neglect—the friend stands aloof through pride. And all this might be prevented, would a man but force himself to realize the obvious truism, that in these various relations of life he must not expect the advantage to be all upon his own side; that as they are alone made pleasant to himself by others taking thought for him, so he must in turn strive to make them pleasant to others by equally taking thought for them. Men sometimes excuse themselves for the breach of this duty, if at any time a consciousness of its existence dawn upon them, by exclaiming that Englishmen are not “demonstrative,” and that when two people are assured of each other’s friendship, the perpetual manifestation of it becomes tiresome. I think the same. But I think, nevertheless, that the working of this peculiar national sentiment is to be watched with extreme distrust. Under proper control, it is the nurse of that dignified simplicity and that chastity of feeling which constitute the great charm of our social intercourse, and is the best guarantee of real affection. Abused, it becomes the pretext for that selfishness of indolence which I am just now occupied in exposing. Where the line is to be drawn in point of manner must be left to individual tact. But a glance of the eye, or a slight inflection of the voice, an allusion where it is likely to be looked for, and abstinence from it where it is likely to be painful, are all things which go straight to another man’s heart, and, by the familiarity which they display with the subjects most interesting to himself, prove that you think of him in his absence, and unaffectedly sympathise with his life. This much, of course, you may do either when in mixed society, or alone with your friend. But the best test of all is how you demean yourself when he is talked of behind his back, or subjects are introduced which could be illustrated from his career. If a man will then really do for another as he would wish to be done by, his fitness for the highest office of

friendship can no longer be disputed. This is taking thought for him in its best and most difficult sense; and happy indeed is the man who, in the most numerous circle of acquaintances, numbers one such friend as this.

Of course, in a country like our own, where almost every man is busy, a certain amount of absorption in his own interests is not only excusable, but laudable. No rules can be laid down by which any one is to judge when that absorption is excessive. Nothing is so justly irritating to a hard-working man, conscious of the real claims which his work has upon him, as to be informed in a peevish tone, that “Well, to be sure, he might have found time for this;” or that, “At all events, he can always find time for something else.” Ladies, I fear, are sad offenders in this respect. But men, if they do not say it in so many words, are sometimes silly enough to think it; and I wish at once to protest against being confounded with unreasonable grumblers of this sort. But here, as in all other things, there is a middle course: and no man will ever give offence to any really sensible acquaintance by preferring the claims of business to those of society, unless it be done in such a way as to show that the necessity is welcome.

Yet another very fertile source of dissension between friends arises from a lazy habit of taking too much for granted; of assuming that your motives, your language, or your actions, must of necessity be intelligible at a glance to every intimate friend. One can make more allowance for this mistake than for many: for this reason, that every man has a right to expect the most favourable construction of his conduct from such a friend, and certainly a suspension of judgment while any point remains in doubt. He may presume too far upon this right, and to do so constitutes the fault I am describing; but it springs, I think, from some things not wholly unamiable in character: from a too easy persuasion that his friend can think no ill of him, and a conviction (perhaps, however, only temporary) that he could

think none of his friend. Some men, it must be noted, are so reserved, that we are liable almost at any moment to be thwarting their schemes or offending their tastes without knowing it; and when, at some future time, we are reproached with our selfishness or our want of sympathy, we have unhappily no defence that will come home to the breast of the accuser. What I say therefore is, be very careful of misconception. Even the best of men will hardly take the trouble to construct a defence for you, if your conduct is apparently hurtful to himself. And then, when you come out with your own version of the business, adding, between the tone of an apology and a reproach, that you "took it for granted he would understand all that," he is very likely to be still more angry than before. If he ought to have understood it, he has had the tables turned upon himself in a way that no one likes. If he ought not, you are only, in his opinion, adding impudence to injury.

While I am on this part of my subject, I must take the opportunity of saying a few words on the uses of punctuality in preserving or strengthening friendship. It may be thought very exacting of one friend to insist on this virtue in another. But friends are only men after all. Business lost, a rubber stopped or a dinner ruined, *will* provoke the most amiable man in existence, even though the truant be his friend. How many repetitions of the offence are necessary to make an impression upon a formed habit of living cannot, of course, be determined. But that they will at length lead to something like a conviction in the injured party's mind, that you habitually think nothing whatever about his convenience or his pleasure, is inevitable; and when that conviction has ripened, friendship, depend upon it, has entered on the first stage of its decay.

There are men, of course, whose tempers unfit them for all the requirements of friendship. A readiness to take offence, to see a slight where no slight is intended, or to impute motives

to other people, are among the most active causes which contribute to the quarrels of friends. I have often been surprised at the ease with which a man, and I mean a man of sense and education, will accuse an old associate of doing an "ungentlemanly" action. It never seems to occur to that man, that even if hereafter he shall confess that he was wrong in this particular instance, he has, nevertheless, shown that he believes his friend capable of an ungentlemanly action. He may retract the particular charge; but it is out of his power to retract the opinion which the charge involved. When this irritability is natural, it is, of course, an object of pity like any other infirmity; but when it is assumed, as it sometimes is, for the sake of a reputation for spirit, it is outrageously disgusting and contemptible. I have seen such cases, and I know of nothing that so strongly tempts me to regret the extinction of duelling. You can never be at ease with such a man. To associate with him, is like living in the same house with a person of unsound mind, who any fine morning may snatch up a knife from the breakfast table, and murder you for a thoughtless word. It is moreover, in my opinion, a piece of such arrant impertinence in any one man to pretend that the code of manners which regulates his own circle is not good enough for himself, that society should combine against such offenders. If A, B, C, and D, gentlemen and scholars and Christians, are not offended at particular freedoms, who is E, that he must be so? I would put it to such men, whether this behaviour does not betray a consciousness of something wanting in themselves? That calm, settled self-respect, which precludes a man from thinking it possible that any one should mean to insult him, equally precludes him from giving way to the habit I am now condemning. At all events, those who do give way to it may be everything else that is admirable, but can hardly be eligible friends.

Whenever a quarrel between two friends is justly attributable to incom-

patibility of temper, age, or profession, the fault lies in having contracted the friendship at all, and is perhaps an inevitable evil. There is a sort of freemasonry among men of the same age and rank in life, who have probably all received the same sort of education, which an elder or younger man is frequently unable to catch; on the other hand, those among whom he comes seldom pay sufficient attention to the fact that he is different, even if it do not altogether escape their notice; in a word, there is a want of sympathy, not arising from any human deficiency on either side, but solely from circumstances. That versatility, or power of succeeding with all kinds of men, of which we hear a good deal, nine times out of ten is only the art of concealing this want. And it is certainly not among men of this temperament that we should elect to choose our bosom friend. We may therefore dismiss such a character from present considerations. But we see men every now and then whom we long to make friends of, and yet can never quite succeed in doing, for want of the talisman aforesaid. They may be clever, good-natured, amusing, honourable, everything that a friend could wish; but for want of that mysterious sympathy which is the bond of friendship, no less than of love, you cannot get on with them. You like them intensely as long as they are absent. But do what you will you cannot help being uneasy in their company. Perhaps in such a case it is wiser to desist from the attempt: intimacies so formed being liable to injury from numerous petty circumstances entirely beyond our own control, or power of foresight to evade. But of all things, whether in the case

of a man of this kind, or generally, avoid the use of pen and ink. There is a superstition much in vogue with the lower orders, that it is "unlucky" to give a friend a knife. It is decidedly most unwise to give him many touches of your pen. Many men feel, and feel justly as far as words are concerned, that they can convey their meaning so much more fully by the medium of a letter, that they forget how much depends upon action, voice, and looks. Written words may wound, exasperate, or astonish, which spoken would be perfectly harmless. And no doubt the converse is to a great extent true also. As the manner can soften, the manner also can add a sting. But, on the whole, we believe that writing is the more dangerous of the two. If you be so unfortunate as to have a quarrel with an old friend, go to him at once. The mere fact of your doing so instead of writing, will dispose him to think more favourably of you. If you had really injured him without cause, or behaved in any way meanly or falsely, how would you look him in the face? On the other hand, if you write, he is very likely to lay hold of some unguarded phrase or ambiguous statement as occasion for an answer; and in that way the discussion will be protracted *ad infinitum*, with less and less chance, every letter, of an amicable arrangement. No doubt, one *can* make out a clearer exposition of one's motives, or a more correct history of a transaction, in a letter than in a speech. But the advantage is dearly purchased, by the loss of all that influence which a friendly presence exercises on the roughest of mankind.

"SAVED AT LAST,"

A TALE OF THE RAMSGATE LIFE-BOAT.

BY THE REV. J. GILMORE, M.A., RECTOR OF HOLY TRINITY, RAMSGATE.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE-BOAT WEATHER, AND LIFE-BOAT WORK.

Do we not often find, in the winter's evening, that our warm rooms seem more cosy, and the flames lap more brightly and closely round the half-consumed log, as a blast of wind moans in the chimney, and perhaps the cry of some poor street-hawker tells its plain tale of toiling misery, as it goes shivering along the street? Do we not find our sensations of personal comfort increased, and our sympathy for the sufferer quickened, as the wintry gale and slashing rain beat against our well-shuttered windows, and suggest the hardships we should have to endure if we were less cared for and protected? But, if we may learn the deeper to realize our blessings, and the more to quicken our sympathies, by contrasting our respective positions with those endured by many of the poor toilers on shore, still more may we do so as we think over the hardships suffered by the toilers at sea. I want to gain especial sympathy—and it is generally so freely given, that I know I have no hard task before me—not only for the shipwrecked, crying aloud in their quick peril and deep agony for rescue, but also for the poor brave-hearted boatmen of our coasts, who never hesitate to do all, and to dare all, when the prospect before them is that of saving life.

Let us first think of some of the features in the calling of those whom we may well call the stormy petrels of seafaring life; who not only find their bread upon the waters, but upon the stormiest waters of most troubled seas; who, the darker the night, the sterner

the tempest, the more blinding the snow-drift, are the more full of expectation that their services will be needed, and, therefore, the more determined to urge their way out into the storm, to be ready to render aid at the first call for assistance, and perhaps to pluck a harvest of saved lives off the very edge of the scythe of death.

Yes, my readers, I would carry you in thought far away from quiet home-scenes and associations; from the pleasant nooks and sunny corners of memories which you delight to recall, upon which you love to let your thoughts half-consciously ponder: but I ask you to take the joy of your home-peace, the gladness of your blessings with you, that you may be quickened in every chord of sympathy, as you let me carry your thoughts away into the dread darkness, which is broken only by spectral sheens of light shed by flying foam, and to picture the rolling sea-mountains hurling along their avalanches of white spray; to listen to the dread discords of a howling tempest; to hover in fancy mid a scene of fierce turmoil and strife, where the elements in their rage seem to have loosened all bonds of fury, and determined to sweep from their path every vestige of man and his works; and now to let your eyes centre upon a shattered wreck, to which are clinging a few storm-beaten sailors, trembling upon the very verge of a grave. Look where a fitful light gleams in the darkness, now rides high on the crest of a huge wave, now falls buried in the trough of the sea, shines out again, is hidden in a cloud of spray, but gets nearer and nearer to the shipwrecked. The light gleams from a life-boat, in which a small band of men are battling—battling on in the teeth of the fierce storm, checked by no terrors,

dismayed by no failures, with no other hope than that of saving life, but in that holy hope strong in perseverance, and undaunted in courage.

In such scenes we see the men actually at their work in their efforts to save life and property; but the life-boat and hovelling work does not merely consist in doing the work at the moment of its necessity, but also in the unwearied watch and readiness for when that time shall come. Many a Ramsgate boatman leaves his poor but warm and comfortable home, his humble but loving home-circle, to pace Ramsgate Pier for hours; and this night after night for many winter months, and for the mere chance of being among the first to make a rush for the life-boat, when the signal is given to man her—a chance that may not come a dozen times in the season, and which, when it does come, may afford, indeed, a great opportunity for daring all and doing all for the saving of life, but not much in the way of refilling the half-empty cupboards at home, or rubbing off much of the growing score at the baker's, or with the landlord.

Other boatmen go out "hovelling," or cruising, in their fine luggers, seeking for vessels in distress. Night after night, in the worst weather, they hang about the dread and gloomy Goodwin Sands, generally returning without having earned a penny for all the peril and hardship they have endured. In spite of the outcry sometimes raised against our boatmen, certain it is that few men lead harder lives, follow a more hazardous calling, and, upon the whole, are worse paid.

Owners of ships and cargoes often think it a shameful thing that they should be called upon to pay more than a modest sum for actual service rendered; forgetting that the men must be paid, in one way or another, for being at sea night after night, storm after storm; persevering often through months of disappointment, in order that they may be ready to render assistance directly it is required—for the Goodwin Sands, and the broken seas which scourge them, are fierce and fatal enough

in their power to give but short time for hope of safety to any vessel, or crew, that is wrecked there. The only thing that encourages the men to persevere in their hazardous calling, is the hope, constantly before them, of obtaining a "hovel," as it is termed,—that is, salvage for rescuing a ship or cargo,—which shall repay them, not only for their toil and risk at the time, but also, somewhat, for all their past unprofitable labour. It may sometimes seem hard upon the owners of property thus saved, that so heavy a charge should rest upon them; on the other hand, the amount paid for salvage generally bears but a small proportion to the value of the property saved. The men are necessary; they must be encouraged and kept afloat; if not, there will be many a sad addition to the already too tragic catalogue of brave men, and gallant ships, and rich cargoes, lost on the Goodwin Sands.

And now I have a tale to tell of deeds done by these brave boatmen, of acts of daring and determination, for which I claim a place amid the records of the bravest, grandest deeds of heroism of the age; a tale to tell, which, unless I fail utterly in the telling,—and this, "God forbid," I reverently pray, and pray it for the sake of the noble deeds done; and the good life-boat cause;—a tale which must move the hearts to sympathy for the suffering and endangered; to sympathy for the daring and unselfish workers of brave works; a tale the echoes of which may well stir, as a trumpet peal, stout hearts to perseverance and brave deeds, to do and dare all, whatever the storm of opposition, in God's name and for the right.

CHAPTER II.

THE FATAL GOODWIN SANDS.

THE early days of last year were bleak and cold: strong northerly and easterly winds swept over land and sea; people on shore spoke of the weather as being seasonable, but shuddered over the word.

At Ramsgate, on the 5th of January, it was a fresh breeze from the east-south-east, and, as usual, the anxious boatmen were keeping a good look-out. About half-past eight in the morning, the boomings of the signal guns were heard, both from the Goodwin and Gull light-ships.

The boatmen who had been watching all night in momentary expectation of such a signal, made the usual rush for the life-boat.¹ The steamer, the *Aid*, was speedily ready, and taking the boat in tow, away they went steering for the North Sands head light-vessel. As they were making across the Gull stream, they saw what proved to be a shipwrecked crew in their own boat: they took them on board the steamer, and found they were the crew, eight in number, of the schooner *Mispah*, of Brixham. The schooner had stranded on the Goodwin, in a thick fog, the night previously; the weather was still thick, and the men could give no account of the position of the schooner, and thought it hopeless to try and find her, or to get her off, if they did find her, and so the steamer took the boat in tow, and returned to Ramsgate.

It proved afterwards, that as the tide rose it lifted the vessel, and she floated off the Sands. A Broadstairs hovelling lugger, while cruising about, fell in with her, and succeeded in bringing her into Ramsgate. The vessel and cargo were worth 6,000*l.* or 7,000*l.*; the men obtained 350*l.* as salvage.

The life-boat men were glad, after their night's watch and morning's work, to rest a few hours, but plenty of boatmen remained on watch, ready at any moment to make up a crew. The cold became hour by hour more intense, and the fresh breeze steadily grew into a gale; the sea at high tide broke in flying volumes of spray against the pier, thundered down upon it, and poured over it, in foaming cascades, into the harbour. As the evening grew on, the

gale became terrific in force; heavy snow storms went sweeping by; showers of freezing sleet came rushing along; and the night was dreary and dismal, dark and cold in the extreme. At about half-past ten the storm was in its full fury, and the sea a very howling wilderness of raging waters. At that moment, mid the roar of the wind and sea, the signal guns were heard, and rockets were seen in the direction of the Gull light-ship. "The life-boat was manned with despatch," would be the short report the coxswain of the boat would afterwards make to the harbour-master—this means, that the boatmen, in spite of the piercing cold and terrific gale, rush along the pier, hurry down the harbour steps and into the boat, to face the dread peril of the wild sea, as readily as schoolboys bound down the school-stairs and out on to the common, for the joy of a summer holiday. It takes the steamer and life-boat about one hour and a half to urge their way out to the Gull light-ship; they speak her about one in the morning, and are told that the men on board saw, some time since, a large light burning south-east by south, but they lost it about twenty minutes ago. The steamer at once tows the boat in the direction, a careful look-out is kept, the snow-storms come down more wildly than ever, the cold is very bitter, the sea running mountains high: still on, and no signs of a light. The crew hold a consultation as to what is best to be done; there appears no possibility of one of the crew of the vessel being still alive, clinging to any floating wreckage; still, some other vessel may be in danger, they will wait and watch for any light or signal of distress, and, not seeing it, at all events remain there until daylight, that they may be sure they are not leaving behind them any who may be perishing for want of their aid; and so, while most, if not all of you, my readers, were comfortable in your beds, (the wakeful ones of you perhaps listening wistfully to the storm, and perhaps having your hearts moved with pity and to prayer for the poor fellows at sea,) these brave men—from choice, not

¹ The *Bradford*, a gift from the people of Bradford to the Life-Boat Institution, and by it placed at Ramsgate, under the control of the harbour authorities. She is one of the finest boats in the life-boat fleet.

for hope of money reward, but for the far dearer hope of saving life—waited on and on, by those gloomy Sands, a prey to all the fierceness of the gale, the raging seas, and deadly cold. Time after time the mad rushing waves break over the boat, burying her in clouds of spray and foam, or, coming in heavier volume still, put the men for a moment or two completely under water; the sufferings of the crew become very severe, they encourage each other, and still let the boat lay to. Willing as every man is to endure to the utmost, they soon feel that it is getting beyond their strength, they are frozen through and through, and rapidly getting numbed and exhausted with the continual wash of heavy seas, and at last they are compelled to make a signal for the steamer, and are towed back to Ramsgate, arriving between four and five in the morning.

The name of the vessel that was lost was never known, the greedy Sands soon swallowed every vestige of the ship; her name may perhaps be found among the list of missing ships at Lloyds; hope doubtless long lingered, may still linger, in many mournful homes, still the story be told to the children, how their father or their brother sailed from a foreign port for home on such a day, and has not since been heard of, but no clue ever be found as to which of the many missing vessels it was that came to such sudden destruction on the Goodwin Sands.

Shall we linger another moment, or two, in thought, over the poor fellows thus lost in the fierce seas? We fancy that the bronzing of a tropical sun was still ruddy upon their cheeks: a few weeks since they were ready to loll in the shadow of the sails, and lie about the deck at night; and then speeding home, they were met in the chops of the Channel by the rough welcome of the strong adverse wind against which, day and night, they sought to beat their way, while the sails and cordage grew hard and stiff with frozen rain and spray. Favoured at last with a slant of wind, the vessel finds her way up-channel; the crew count the

hours until when they shall be in dock; night falls as they pass the South Foreland. The wind goes moaningly back to its old direction: hour after hour it increases, a gale sweeps along in dread force, the blinding snow bewilders the pilot, who can now see no guiding light, and soon in the darkness of the night, the force of the wind, and the swirl of the tide, the vessel is driven through the raging surf on to the Sands. The men make a rush for the boat: useless; she would not float a minute in such a boil of sea. The waves fly over the vessel, now lift her to crash her down with the force of all her weight upon the Sands, now thunder against her, and shake her each moment to her keel; the captain burns a blue light, the spray washes it out; the men get a tar-barrel on deck, knock in the top, fill it with combustibles, and light it; it flares up, and for a time resists the rush of spray; the light-vessel sees the signal, fires a gun and a rocket; the life-boat starts upon her mission, but the waves lift the vessel and crash her down again time after time; the decks are swept of everything that the force of the water can tear from them, the tar-barrel is washed out, the men are unable to move on the deck, but have to lash themselves to the mast, and wait on in darkness and despair; a tremendous wave comes boiling along, it lifts the vessel, half rolls her over, the masts snap like reeds, the ship fills, and sinks in the hole she has made in the quicksand; another half-hour perhaps, and the life-boat is there: too late!—only the tangled spars and cordage float near, tokens of the death and destruction that have been wrought:—and all living things on board have thus swiftly been engulfed, and found their grave in the rush of the boiling sea.

CHAPTER III.

"WE WILL NOT GO HOME WITHOUT THEM."

As soon as it is daylight on Sunday morning, the coxswain of the life-boat and others of the boatmen feel very

anxious; fearing that, after all, there may be some poor fellow clinging to a remnant of wreck, or perhaps a ship on the Sands, lost in the darkness of the night, and unable in the rush of the sea to make any signal of distress: they cannot rest; and although the life-boat has been in only a few hours, the coxswain of the boat and the mate of the steamer go to the harbour-master, and ask his leave to go to sea again, and search round the Sands. This permission is readily given, "Go by all means." Ten fresh hands join the coxswain and bowman of the life-boat, and soon after light on Sunday morning they start on their dangerous but hopeful mission. They are towed again by the steamer *Aid*, and make for the North Sands head light-vessel, keeping a good lookout for the faintest signal of distress. The men seeing nothing on this side of the Sands, it is determined to round the light-vessel, and search at the back, or the French side of the Sands. Soon they discover in the misty distance, what seems to be a large vessel on the south-east spit of the Sands; they tow with all speed in her direction, they are going along the edge of the sand, just outside of the broken water. The waves are beating down on the Sands with tremendous force, the surf flying up in great sheets of foam, and the roar of the breakers like loud quivering thunder; the scene is enough to make the stoutest heart quail, but, without any thought of flinching, the men cling to the life-boat, as the seas break over her, and patiently bear all the cold and storm and wash of water, as they are towed on in the direction of the wreck. One said, in answer to questions as to what his feelings were as he watched the tremendous seas, and knew that shortly he would be battling in the midst of them, "Well, sir, I think every man has his inward feelings; soldiers say they have theirs when they go into battle, and I am sure we have ours; a man can't help knowing the danger, and thinking about it, and feeling about it too, but we are not going to be made cold-hearted about it, or we shouldn't be out there; we can't help seeing that we've got our work cut out

for us, and we determine, by God's help, to do it, and won't flinch; we hope to save others, and feel we shall do our best, but we know that we may lose our own lives; we think about this sometimes as we are sitting in the boat, holding on against the wash of the seas, but when we get to the wreck we forget all about ourselves, and think only about saving the others."

The seas become heavier and heavier as they get nearer the vessel, and approach a more exposed part of the Sands; they have to encounter one great rush of water, which, urged by the hurricane of wind and strong tide, comes raging along through the Straits of Dover.

They find the vessel to be a large barque: she has settled down somewhat in the Sands, heeled over a good deal, and huge waves are foaming over her. The men look at the awful rage of sea, hear the tremendous roar with which the seas break upon the sand, and say to each other, "We have indeed our work cut out for us." They can see no signs of any one being left on board—the crew may have been swept away, or have vainly attempted to get to land in their own boat. The flag of distress is still flying, and they go in nearer to the Sands, until they are almost abreast of the wreck; they can now make out the crew crouching down under cover of the deck-house, while the wild waves make a complete breach over the vessel, and threaten every moment to wash the deck-house and the crew away.

The steamer now tows the boat up to windward; the life-boat men feel their turn for the battle has come, and make every preparation—sails are got ready to hoist, the cable is made all clear for paying out, the coxswain sees that they are far enough to windward, the steamer's tow-rope is cast off: the boat lifts on a huge wave as the strain of the rope is taken off her, they hoist her sail, round she flies in answer to her helm, and she makes in for the wreck; they mount on the top of huge seas, go plunging down into the trough of the waves; the spray flies over them, as the gale catches the crests of the towering breakers, and fills

the air with the flying foam ; a minute more, and they are in broken water, the seas rush and recoil and leap together, fly high, and fall in tangled volumes of foaming water over the boat : she is almost unmanageable ; tossed in all directions as the seas pour over her. The men have to cling with all their strength to the thwarts. They get within about sixty yards of the wreck, the anchor is thrown overboard, the cable payed out swiftly ; the sea is rushing with tremendous force over the ship, the boat sheers in under her lee quarter ; the men cheer to the poor half-dead sailors, whom they see on board. All is hope : "A minute or two more," they think, "and we shall have saved them." Ashout, "Hold on, men, for your lives hold on !" a glance up, a huge towering wave like a wall of water comes swiftly on, its crest curls, breaks, falls—the men and boat are carried down by the tremendous weight of water. Some of the men seem almost crushed by the pressure and blow of the falling wave ; they do not know whether the boat is upset or not, they cling convulsively to her ; she floats, and frees herself. The men find that the wave that thus buried them has taken the boat in its irresistible flood, and, dragging the anchor with it, has carried it more than one hundred yards away from the ship.

The men shake themselves free from the water, and look at the vessel ; they cheer to the crew, and determine, please God, they will have them safe yet. They hoist sail, and try and sheer the boat to the ship. In vain : sea after sea breaks over them ; the boat is thrown by the broken seas in all directions, sometimes the coxswain feels as if he would be thrown bodily forward on the men, as the waves lift her almost end on end. Again and again are they buried beneath the water ; but after each time the boat floats buoyantly, and the men bear up bravely, and all are once more ready for a fresh struggle. They labour on, but in vain ; they get the oars out, the waves take them and send them leaping from the rowlocks, and out of the men's hands ; they must give it up for this time. All their thoughts are for the poor

shipwrecked crew, and the bitter, bitter disappointment they must feel. Again they cheer to them, and shout to them "to keep their hearts up, they will soon be at them again ;" and then make the best of their way to the steamer. They have failed in their first attempt. The steamer again tows them into position, and they make boldly into the wreck for the second time ; they steer as near to the stern as possible, avoiding the danger of being washed over it on to the deck of the vessel, and thus crushed to pieces ; they get nearer than they did before, and hope to get alongside, but again they are overwhelmed in the rush of a fearful sea, buried in its deluge of broken water, and the boat is once more hurled away by the force of the waves, many yards from the vessel ; the anchor holds, but the tide is running more strongly than ever, and right away from the vessel, and so it is hopeless for them to attempt to get any nearer to her. The tide has risen, and is nearly at its height ; the vessel is still more over on her side ; the deck is completely under water, the top of the deck-house is just above the sea ; the crew have lashed a spar across the mizen shrouds, and are all clinging to it, while the wild waves rush, and beat over them continually. It is with terrible agony that the poor crew witness the second failure of the life-boat : "She will never come again," says the captain ; "the men cannot do it, the life must have been washed and beaten out of them." Great is their astonishment to find that no sooner does the life-boat clear herself of the water that seemed to drown her—no sooner do the men free themselves from the rush of foam, which has for a time overwhelmed them—than they begin to cheer again, as if only rendered the more determined by their second defeat, the more courageous by the difficulties and dangers they had endured. And the shipwrecked crew, encouraged by the hoarse cheers of the exhausted, half-drowned boatmen, begin again to hope ; but it is almost against hope.

The boat is again towed into position by the steamer, and for the third time makes in for the wreck. They throw

the anchor overboard farther from the vessel than before, give longer scope to the cable, sail in well under the ship's stern, again steer as near as possible to her lee-quarter, lower the foresail. They are within a dozen yards of the ship; the bowman heaves a rope with his greatest force, it falls short; the boat sweeps on; they check the cable, and bring her head to the ship, abreast of her, but, unhappily, some distance off.

The captain of the ship had despaired of the boat being able to come in the third time; but when he saw her coming, he felt convinced it was their last opportunity of being saved, and determined that if the boat were again swept from the vessel, he would jump into the sea, and try and swim to her. The boat comes, and misses; and the boatmen see the captain hastily throw off his sea-boots, seize a life-buoy, and prepare to plunge into the sea: they shout to him not to do so—to the crew to hold him back. "The tide in its set off the Sands would sweep him away; the seas would beat his life out of him: they will be back again soon, and won't go home without them."

The steamer has followed the boat as closely as possible, running down the edge of the sands, just clear of the broken water. The life-boat has swung out to the full length of her cable, and is in deep water; the men, upon looking for the steamer, after being again beaten for the third time from the wreck, find her making in towards the boat. The men on board the steamer had watched with increasing anxiety and dismay the vain efforts of the life-boat; they grew more and more excited each time the boat returned to them, and are prepared to run any risk to help the life-boat men in their gallant endeavours, so they make in towards the life-boat, throw a rope on board, and then hope to be able to sheer the boat into the wreck. The boatmen have hold upon their own cable, to which the anchor is attached; they gradually draw in upon this, while the steamer seeks to tow the boat nearer and nearer to the vessel, and for the fourth time they approach the wreck.

The steamer ventures into the rage of the sea, and her position becomes one of great peril; she rolls in the trough of the tremendous waves till her gun-wales are right under water, and her men cannot stand on the deck; the foam and spray dash completely over her, and tons and tons of water deluge her deck; they gradually approach the vessel; the life-boat sheers in, the seas and tide and wind catch her in their full power, and whirl her away again. A huge wave bodily sweeps over the steamer; she is in extreme danger; the life-boat men for the moment fear that the wave will swamp her; rolling, plunging, burying herself in the foaming seas, the steamer bravely holds her own, till to remain longer is certain death to all; and sorrowfully they have to give it up, and make out of the rage of the broken water. The life-boat men rejoice to see the steamer get clear of the deadly peril; they are in scarcely less danger themselves; they cut the steamer's tow-rope, and then find that they must cut their own cable to avoid being dashed over the wreck; and away they go. They look at each other; beaten off for the fourth time, not one heart fails, not one speaks of giving it up, not one has such a thought for a moment—the only consideration is, what next they shall try; and weak, and exhausted, and almost frozen with cold, but determined and courageous as ever, they are only anxious for the poor shipwrecked ones, whose peril increases each moment, and hasten to prepare for a fifth effort for their rescue, strong still in their determination "that they will not go home without them."

CHAPTER IV.

SAVED AT LAST.

THE ship's hull had been now for some time completely under water, and it was very evident that she was breaking up fast. She had coals and iron on board; this dead weight kept her steady on the Sands, and prevented the waves lifting her and crashing her down, or she would long since have been torn to fragments; as it is, the decks have

burst, and the lighter portions of her cargo are being rapidly washed out of her; the sea in some places is black with coal-dust, and much wreckage, pieces of her deck and fore-castle, and fragments of her boats, are being rapidly swept away in the rush of the tide. Each time that the men on board the steamer and life-boat look at the vessel and see the crew in the rigging, they think it indeed a wondrous mercy that they are still safe, and get each moment more impressed with feelings of deep sympathy for the poor fellows, and with the greatest eagerness to dare all to save them.

Daniel Reading, the brave and long-tried master of the steamer, is ill on shore, and so she is in charge of John Simpson, the mate; he and William Wharrier, the engineer, consult as to the possibility of making another effort with the steamer. The tide is setting off the Sands with such force that they cannot see how it is possible for the life-boat to get in to the vessel; the crew of the steamer are ready to second them in any effort they determine to make. They get the mortar apparatus ready, and hope to approach near enough the ship to fire a line into the rigging, with which they may haul a rope from the vessel, which they can give to the life-boat crew, and thus enable the men to pull the boat over the tide, and alongside the ship. They put the steamer's head towards the wreck, and go ahead cautiously; the tide has been flowing some time; the steamer does not draw much water; they are almost within firing distance; the steamer is nearly overrun with the waves, a huge roller comes rushing along, she lifts high on its crest, falls down into the trough, as down the side of a wall, and strikes the Sands heavily. The engines are instantly reversed; she lifts; and, being a very quick and handy boat, at once moves astern, and they are saved from shipwreck; and thus the fifth effort to save the crew fails. No time is lost: at once the steamer heads for the life-boat, and makes ready to tow her again into position. Again not a word—scarcely a thought—about past failures; only eager-

ness to commence at once a fresh attempt. "Look out, my men, here is another rope for you." "All right!" is shouted as the line is caught, and the hawser is drawn into the boat. "All right, tow us well to windward; give us a good position, plenty of room, we must have them this time. All fast, away you go, hurrah!" The men watch the vessel as they are being towed past her. "Oh! the poor fellows, to think we have not got them yet." "Well, we have had warm work for it." "But we will save them—we will save them yet." "Ah! look how that wave buried them all! There they are again. Let us give them a cheer, it will help them to keep their hearts up;" and as the boat rose on a wave they shouted and waved to the shipwrecked crew. "There! another sea caught her! Look how her masts begin to swing about, in different directions too; they are getting unstepped and loose; she is breaking up fast, working all over—all of a quiver and tremble! Poor fellows! poor fellows! we have not a moment to spare—it must soon be all over, one way, or other!" Thus the men speak to each other; they are in a glow of eagerness and excitement, and can scarcely restrain themselves to keep quiet. As they watch the poor fellows, and time after time the rush of wave and spray passes, and they can see them still clinging on, they feel almost as if they could jump at them, to try and save them; they lose all sense of weakness, cold, and exhaustion. One of them said afterwards, "We were thoroughly warm at our work, and felt like lions, as if nothing could stop us." In this spirit they consult together how they shall make their next effort. First one plan is suggested, and then another; but these seem to give no better hope of success, than those that have been already tried. At last a plan is proposed which must indeed prove rescue to the shipwrecked, or death to all. "I tell you what, my men: if we are going to save those poor fellows, there is only one way of doing it; it must be a case of save all, or lose all, that is just it. We must go right in upon the vessel,

hit her between the masts, and throw our anchor over right upon her decks." "What a mad-brained trick!" says one; "why, the boat would be smashed to pieces." "Likely enough; but there is one thing certain, is there not?—and that is, that we are not going home and leave those poor fellows to perish, and I do not believe there is any other way of saving them, and so we must just try it, and God help us and them!" Not a single word, now, against it! What! charge in upon the vessel, in that mad rage of sea!—Victory or death! Indeed!—Most of the life-boat men are married men, with families, loved wives and loved little ones dependent upon them. Thoughts of this—tender heartfelt thoughts of this—come to them. "Well, and so we have, and have not those poor perishing fellows wives and little ones too; and are not they perhaps thinking of them, as much as we are thinking of ours; and shall we go home without running all danger, and doing all we can, and let them see us go home to our dear ones, while we leave them to perish thinking of theirs? No! please God, that shall never be said of us!" Such thoughts as these pass through the minds of some of them. Among the ship's crew, clinging a few feet above the boil of the sea to the loose and shaking rigging, there is one who guesses their thoughts. All the others think it impossible that the life-boat can make another effort. He encourages his mates. "I have sailed in English ships," he says. "I have often heard about life-boat work, and I know they never leave any one to perish, as long as they can see them; and they will not leave us."

The boat is towed into position, and they make in again for the wreck. They get well to windward, they are crossing the stern of the vessel. A tremendous breaker comes heading along: "Look at that fellow! if he catches us, it is all up with us, the boat will be dashed high up into the masts of the ship." "Hold on all!" "Ah! thank God we have escaped, it breaks ahead of us." "Ready all; be ready all," shouts the coxswain. Every man is at his

station, some with the halliards in hand, others with the anchor ready to cast overboard; past the stern of the vessel the boat flies; down helm; round she comes; down foresail, the ship's lee-gunwale is under water, the boat shoots forward, and hits the rail of the vessel with a shock that almost throws all from their posts, as she literally, for a moment, leaps on board the vessel; over with the anchor; it falls on the vessel's deck; all the crew are in the mizen shrouds; they cannot get to the boat; a fearful rush of sea is between them and it. Again, and again, the boat thumps with shocks that almost shake the men from their hold; the seas are rushing completely over them, the boat is carried away from the vessel. "Hurrah! the anchor holds; veer out the cable; steadily, my men, steadily; do not disturb the anchor more than you can help; we shall have them now, we shall have them; let her have a little more cable; get your grappling-hook, throw it over that line; there you have it;" and they haul on board a line which had been attached to a cork fender, and thrown from the vessel early in the day, but which the boatmen had never before been able to reach.

They get the boat straight; haul in slowly upon both ropes; cheer to the crew; "Hurrah, my mates, hurrah!" All is joy and excitement; but steady, attention to orders; now the boat is abreast the mizen-rigging, where the men are; "Down helm!" the boat sheers in; "Haul in upon the ropes; handsomely, my men, handsomely;" the boat jumps forward, hits the ship heavily with her stem, crashes off a large piece of her forefoot. The men are for a moment thrown down with the shock; up they leap, two men jump on to the bow gunwale and seize hold of the captain of the vessel, who seems nearly dead, drag him in over the bows; two of the sailors jump on board; "Hold on all! hold on!" A tremendous sea rolls over them; the boat is washed away from the vessel; the anchor still holds; in they sheer the boat again; they make the ropes fast, and fasten the boat

alongside to the shrouds : they will not be washed away again, until they have all the crew on board. A man jumps for the boat ; she falls in the trough of the sea, the man falls between the boat and the rigging ; a second more, and the boat will be on the top of him, crushing him against the rail of the vessel, upon which the keel of the boat strikes heavily ; two boatmen seize him, they are nearly dragged overboard, they are caught hold of in time, and all three are pulled into the boat ; up she flies and crashes against the spar in the rigging. "Jump in, men ; for your lives, jump in !" Now all are on board, all on board ; cut the lashings ; cut the cable, up helm, up foresail. The seas catch the boat and bear her away from the vessel ; away she goes with a bound, flying through the broken water. Thank God, thank God ! all are saved at last ! Saved at last !

The boat is through the breakers, out into deep water ; the men have time to look at each other—and how gladly, how fondly they do so !—all is gladness, and thankfulness, and cheerfulness ; they shake hands, the rescued and the rescuers, time after time ; the crew of the steamer greet them with cheers ! Who can describe the joy they all feel at the successful ending of their long battle with terrible danger and threatened death ! They lift the captain on board the steamer ; he is thoroughly exhausted ; they carry him into the engine-room, and, in the warmth there, do their best to revive him, and he soon recovers. The sailors will not leave the life-boat. "No ! no ! you saved us, you saved us ! you had plenty, plenty trouble ; we thought you never do it. We stop with you, we stop with you !" It is thus the mate answers in broken English, when they tell him that the crew would be more comfortable on board the steamer. The life-boat men often find the men whom they have saved thus refuse to leave the boat ; it is a sort of simple expression of gratitude, as if to go would be to desert their new friends who had done so much for them.

In Ramsgate the anxiety is very great. The steamer and life-boat have been out

many hours, nothing can be seen of them in the mist that hangs over the Sands. "Can anything have happened ?" is the restless question put from one to another ; it might well be so in so fearful a storm. At about half-past two, hundreds of people are collected on the pier, and, to the great joy of all, the steamer and life-boat are seen speeding to the harbour ; flags are flying from the life-boat—a sign of success. As they enter the harbour cheer after cheer welcomes them. The crew land ; they are ten Danish sailors, from the Danish barque *Aurora Borealis*. They are taken to the Sailors' Home, and well cared for. Many of them are very weak, and can scarcely walk, but they speedily recover under the hospitable care with which they are greeted, and are full of gratitude for the rescue so bravely wrought out for them, and are all now well able to feel that confidence in the untiring courage of an English life-boat man, which one of them expressed in the height of their danger, when he said, "They will never give us up, while they can see us !"

The Board of Trade, in recognition of the gallant services of the men, presented them with 1*l.* each. The King of Denmark forwarded two hundred rix-dollars to be divided among them. They are all poor men, and these presents proved very acceptable ; but the joy with all was, and is, in the fact of their having so successfully persevered in saving life, in rescuing their drowning brother-sailors ; while all who know the circumstances declare that never, by land or sea, was more gallant service done. And I have, my readers, but ill performed my task, if I do not gain from you an echo to this assertion.—And now let me give you the names of these brave men, if I have moved you to sympathy with their heroic deeds. I am sure that you will with pleasure read their names :—

ISAAC JARMAN, cox-
swain.
CHARLES FISH, bow-
man.
WILLIAM PENNY.
ROBERT PENNY.
WILLIAM GORHAM.

JAMES WHITE.
DANIEL FRIEND.
WILLIAM STEAD.
WILLIAM WHITE.
JAMES STEVENS.
THOMAS WILKINSON.
WILLIAM FOX.